Eliza Rutter 1822

SOME PARTICULARS,

RELATING TO

THE *LIFE* AND *DEATH*,

OF

Rebecca Scudamore,

INTERSPERSED WITH

INTERESTING REFLEXIONS;

TOGETHER WITH

EXTRACTS from divers of her LETTERS;

COLLECTED BY

S. YOUNG.

INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT OF HER OWN CASE.

BRISTOL:

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1790.

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Candid Reader,

SOME ſincere Friends of the late REBECCA SCUDAMORE, *deceaſed*, having from an undiſſembled regard to her memory, drawn up and even printed, before my knowing it, a true and juſt, though comprehenſive deſcription of her character, entitled *Memento*, and now with ſeveral ſmall alterations and additions, it is at their deſire prefixed; which I conceiv'd to be moſt proper, *previous* to entering on an attempt to recount ſome *Particulars* relative to her life, to which I was earneſtly ſolicited by many of her Friends, who ſuggeſted, that a life ſo *exemplary* and *uncommon*, might, by divine bleſſing, prove uſeful, if rendered more *public*; thereby affording a laſting teſtimony to the religion ſhe profeſſed, and that tho' dead, it might with truth be ſaid, *ſhe yet ſpeaketh*, eſpecially to ſuch perſons who never knew her *real character*, and have en-

tertain'd wrong conceptions of it :—I have in compliance therewith, endeavour'd to collect and adduce only matters of *fact*, partly from my own knowledge, and partly from what could be obtained from other perſons, inſerting Extracts from ſuch of her Letters as could be procured, that eminently diſcover her experience, ſpirit, and diſpoſition, interſperſing ſuch incidents and reflexions, as naturally occur'd, including my own Caſe; concluding with a ſhort Narrative of the cloſing ſcene to her life, already in print, and when written was conceiv'd to have been the only monument to her memory, and the whole of what my abilities could ever have furniſhed.—And now, commiting this undertaking, with all its imperfections, to the Author and Diſpenſer of every good; and thyſelf to his divine direction and guidance, I am,

Candid Reader,

Thy real Friend,

S. Y.

16 MAG

CONTENTS.

MEMENTO — — — — — Page vi

Birth of R. S. and remarkable incident — — 1— 2

Death of her Mother — — — — — 3

Journey to *York*—Promiſe to GOD—Her marriage — 4— 5

Her diſpoſition and frequenting Aſſemblies — — 5— 6

—— Religious Diſputes—Convictions, &c. — 7

—— Journey to *Weymouth* — — — — 8

———— return home — — — — 10

———— alteration in dreſs — — — 11

———— determination on her Friend's diſſuaſions 11

S. Y.—her caſe — — — — — 13

———— remarkable dream, and reading W. Law 16

———— retirement — — — — 19

———— joins a religious ſociety — — — 20

———— two Letters from R. S. — — 21

R. S. attends the *Eſtabliſhed Church* — — 23

her Faith—Books — — — — 24

her Letters, Exerciſe, and Converſion — 25—32

—— ſeperated from her Huſband — — — 45

—— Manner of Life afterwards — — — 47

—— Letters afterwards — — — — 53

Remarks — — — — — — — 57

Concluſion — — — — — — 60

☞ *An Error of the Preſs having eſcaped in the Folios of* 8 *Pages, the Reader will obſerve that the Numbers from* 57 *to* 64 *are* repeated.

MEMENTO.

ON THURSDAY the 29th day of *April*, 1790, at the hour of five in the afternoon, died, of a painful and long continued diſeaſe, in the 62d year of her age, Mrs. REBECCA SCUDAMORE, the Wife of Counſellor SCUDAMORE, of BRISTOL, and her Remains depoſited in St. *Werburgh's Church*.—She was a perſon of exemplary piety, deſervedly lamented by all her real Friends.—Language would fail to deſcribe the noble qualities of her ſoul.—Suffice it to obſerve,—ſhe was naturally of a ſweet complacent diſpoſition,—that at an early period, by divine illumination, ſhe diſcovered the human mind to be by nature in a ſtate of deep depravity, tho' form'd for an higher and better life, obtainable only by a divine nature to be derived from JESUS CHRIST;—that taking the advice of our LORD to the rich young man, ſhe, like the worthies of old, totally renounced the world,—its follies and vanities; diſregarding the deriſions of thoſe who account ſuch wiſdom to be madneſs;—that at length, poſſeſſing an hope full of immortality, and the love of a crucified Redeemer *in her heart*, ſhe trode in his bleſſed footſteps of poverty, humility, and meekneſs;—during a ſeries of years, previous to her death, patiently ſuffering a variety of the ſevereſt inward and outward troubles, acquieſcing in the divine will, not only with ſubmiſſion, but thankfulneſs;

fulneſs; and her ſoul became ſo moulded and faſhioned into the image and likeneſs of her Saviour, that it might truly be ſaid, *ſhe had been with Jeſus*; by whoſe ſpiritual guidance, ſtrength and ſupport, ſhe was enabled to practiſe *ſelf-denial* and *ſelf-abaſement* in an eminent degree.—Not attach'd to any ſect or party, ſhe eſteem'd and revered the *pious* of every name and nation; her capacious ſoul embracing the whole of mankind, as the offspring of one and the ſame common parent, and *the redeemed of one and the ſame common Saviour*;—In ſhort, her love was ſo diffuſive, it extended to all parties and degrees, ſeeking every opportunity of doing good without partiality; evidencing in every action of her life, (fully confirm'd at her death) that the religion ſhe profeſſed, directs to heavenly wiſdom and heavenly love, and that all its paths are PEACE.

Now Reader, obſerve the words of ſacred record,—"Bleſſed are the dead that die in the LORD; even ſo ſaith the Spirit, for they reſt from their labors.—GOD ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—*There* ſhall be neither ſorrow nor pain.—*Then* ſhall the righteous ſtand in great boldneſs before the face of ſuch as have afflicted him,—when they ſhall be amazed and ſay, this was he whom *we fools* accounted his life madneſs,—What hath PRIDE profited, or what good hath riches brought us? *All thoſe things are paſſed away like a ſhadow.*"

16 MAY

ISAIAH liv. 5, 6.

Thy Maker is thine Huſband, the LORD *of Hoſts is his name—— The* LORD *hath called thee as a woman forſaken and grieved in ſpirit, when thou waſt refuſed.*

REBECCA THORNHILL, afterwards SCUDAMORE, was born the 25th of January, in the year 1729, in BRISTOL; where her father was a ſurgeon of conſiderable eminence, but in the decline of life retir'd.—Her mother was endow'd with an extraordinary good natural underſtanding, improv'd by more than uſual literary education, tho' unhappily imbibed principles of ſcepticiſm and infidelity, which learning and good abilities too frequently furniſh weapons for defending.—But it pleaſed GOD to diſcover, and ſhe became fully convinced, that *Reaſon unrenewed, is really a* SLAVE *to the human Will*; that therefore her book learning muſt yield to an higher Inſtructor, and that it was meer fooliſhneſs when compared to that wiſdom which is to be derived from above, the *ſource* of all true wiſdom and knowledge:—That her immortal part (the ſoul) ought to have her chief concern, and to provide for its eternal ſafety ought to be her principal buſineſs in this world; and

finally, ſhe became a ſincere and real Convert, embracing the Truth as it is in JESUS.—This will appear by the following brief account, receiv'd from my late dear friend R. S. only a few months previous to her death, by a perſon who attended her, and by whom it was communicated; viz. That ſhe was *nine* years old when her mother died,—that about *four* years before her death, her mother was awakened, and became truly religious; that then ſhe diſcovered ſingular affection for *Rebecca*, tho' before had ſhew'd a preference and greater liking to her other children;—that after this, an incident occur'd, which was often mentioned by R. S. even within a very ſhort ſpace of her own deceaſe;——that ſhe was once taken for a ride, with her mother and a particular friend, and whilſt they were converſing on religious ſubjects, *Rebecca* was aſked, What ſhe thought thereof? The Child anſwer'd,—She was like *Mary Magdalen—ſhe loved much, for ſhe had much forgiven.* Such an anſwer from a child ſurpriſed,—and they enquired What ſhe had to be forgiven?—She ſaid, *her ſins had been great,—that ſhe had prayed, and had found peace.*

When this circumſtance was lately mentioned by R. S. ſhe ſaid, that ſuch was *the peace, then enjoyed,* ſhe remember'd its ſweetneſs to *that very day.*—On this declaration, her mother was quite in a rapture, and taking *Rebecca* in her arms, careſs'd her with great delight.—Altogether as ſingular was that which

hiſtory

hiſtory relates of a girl, not exceeding the age of our *Rebecca*, who was perpetually aſking its parents and others, *where do the Chriſtians live?*—they replied, *ſhe now lived amongſt Chriſtians:* No, ſaid the child, that cannot be; the ſelf-denying lives of thoſe I have heard of in the Goſpels, and the life of JESUS CHRIST, were *quite different.*——R. S. ſaid, her Father greatly oppoſed her Mother going amongſt the *Methodiſts*, who came out about this time, (upwards of 50 years ſince) whoſe miniſtry ſhe was very deſirous of attending;—that to prevent it, he even confin'd her to the houſe, treating her with much ſeverity; but that ſhe, notwithſtanding, found means for frequent opportunities:—And, that it is probable her Mother, (under ſuch circumſtances) was led to ſome little irregularities, and to practiſe auſterities not altogether defenſible, which ſeemed to have produced bodily diſorders: But that ſhe died *happy, with an hope full of immortality;* which R. S. ſaid, ſhe well remember'd, altho' ſo young, (mentioning it only *three days* before her own deceaſe;) alſo that her Mother told thoſe about her, on the day of her death, that ſhe was then *going to ſpend an eternal Sabbath with her Saviour.*—That the night preceding, ſhe ſent for *Rebecca*, and ſaid, *ſhe had a promiſe for her*,—that *there was an everlaſting inheritance prepared for her*; and that *ſhe ſhould meet her in the next world.*—She further related, that after the death of her Mother, her Father became very unhappy, and was ſeized with a fit of ſickneſs, inſomuch that it was appre-

hended he could not recover.—That he then declared, *he would never have any one oppoſe any perſon on account of religion; but*, ſaid he, *let ſuch an one go the way he likes.* And it was really obſerv'd, he never did oppoſe his daughter R. S. when ſhe became religious, many years afterwards; her Father being then alive.—She ſaid, he married again in about nine months, to a very worthy woman, whom the children of his former wife loved, as if ſhe had been their own Mother;—that this ſecond wife had a long and painful illneſs, during which, *Rebecca*, then about *eighteen years of age*, attended her; and her Mother-in-law would frequently ſay, that GOD *would reward her for it, by giving Rebecca a good child, to attend her alſo in her laſt moments*:—This R. S. would often declare was literally fulfilled in NANCY EDKINS, whom ſhe had taken under her care from a child, and whom ſhe always termed *her Child.*

In about eighteen months after the death of this ſecond wife, R. S. ſaid, her Father married again, to one of a different deſcription, a perſon of much gaiety.—Obſerving, that when ſhe had attained the age of twenty-one, *Counſellor Scudamore* commenc'd her Suitor, but from ſome diſagreement about a marriage ſettlement, the matter drop'd;—that ſhe then took a journey, with her Mother-in-law, to the *City* of *York*, there ſpending ſome months; during which ſhe had ſeveral exceeding good offers, which ſhe refuſed, and nothing could make

make her forget the firſt (the Counſellor) for whom ſhe had conceiv'd a ſingular affection; it even led her to *pray* and *promiſe*, that if GOD would give her the man ſhe loved, *ſhe would devote herſelf to* GOD;—that ſome time after her return home, the *Counſellor* renew'd his overtures, and on the 25th day of *May*, 1752, (when ſhe had attained twenty-three years of age and upwards) they were married. —And ſhe now entered the faſhionable world, and into a full participation of its enjoyments.—Thus far the account given by R. S. —Our intimacy commenced in 1757, about five years after her marriage, and I had the favor of being much in her company, which was the moſt agreeable and pleaſant I had ever met with.—Her mien and manner were very engaging,—naturally of a ſprightly and cheerful diſpoſition, always preſerving an equanimity of temper, even on very trying occaſions, tho' no one poſſeſſed of more quicker or more exquiſite ſenſibilities.——Her conjugal affections, which at this time met with reciprocal return, to me appeared carried too high, making her huſband an idol; and in the freedom of converſation, I once remarked, that there was but one blemiſh in her character,—an exceſs of creature love, which I wiſhed her to reſtrain:—She receiv'd the reproof with a *ſmile*, and ſaid, *I love my friend for her openneſs; but I do love my huſband, and do not at preſent, ſee any reaſon for altering my conduct.*

Her

Her amiable qualities, good ſenſe, and engaging demeanor, endeared her to all her very extenſive and polite acquaintance, with whom we often met at aſſemblies, and other places of public amuſement, conforming to the cuſtoms and faſhions of the times; which rendered our company acceptable, and indeed afforded ſome pleaſure, tho' *no real* ſatisfaction; for amidſt all our gaiety, each of us felt at intervals, tho' too, too much unheeded and neglected, *a monitor* within, *a deſire after GOD, an attraction, that I believe every man and woman living is forced to feel, whether he will or no;—for it is a truth, that GOD hath a certain ſecret power within the human heart, which is watching every opportunity of ſaying ſomething, either of the vanity of the world, or the guilt or conſequences of ſin;—that without arguments, riſes up in the ſoul, and would be doing ſome good to it, if not quenched and reſiſted, by the noiſe and hurry either of pleaſures or buſineſs:*—In ſhort, *the human heart wants nothing but GOD, and nothing but the heart can receive him;—this is the only place and ſeat of Religion, and of all Communication between GOD and man;—for the ſoul hath an infinite deſire, and an infinite capacity, which nothing but an infinite good can ſatisfy.—Therefore, dear Reader, this internal ſentiment, this inſtinct of goodneſs, is the preſervation and the ſaving man from being like to the beaſts and fallen ſpirits.—It is preventing Grace, becauſe it prevents, or goes before, and is not given for any thing we have done. And it is a glorious Truth, that there is no partiality in GOD, but*

that

that every human ſoul hath a general call, and a general capacity to obtain ſalvation: In this degree of Redemption is every creature born of Adam:—If we trample this pearl under our feet, our deſtruction is then from ourſelves; but if we yield, if we will ſuffer the ſpark of this inward Redeemer to kindle and ſpread, the light of life to ariſe, the voice of GOD to be heard, then will the Divine Life be moſt aſſuredly brought forth, and when our body dies, we ſhall fall into all the fulneſs of GOD.

This divine Monitor, as before obſerv'd, was felt at intervals, amidſt all our gaiety:—unavoidably creating ſome uneaſineſs, and forcing many a *ſigh!*—Nevertheleſs, neither of us pretended to any other than a little head knowledge,—meerly the *external* or *ſhell* of religion; and (Phariſee like) a decent outſide appearance was ſtrictly obſerved.—My Friend was as partial to the *Preſbyterian*, (with which ſhe was then connected) as I was to the *eſtabliſh'd Form of Worſhip*, (in which I was educated) and our difference in opinion would now and then occaſion little diſputes, at which my zeal, (ſo fooliſh was I, and void of underſtanding,) would ſometimes be rather overheated, but ſhe was moderate; ſo that our controverſies always ended in good humour, without the leaſt breach between us.—About ſeven years after marriage, ſhe experienced a fit of illneſs, which was much apprehended tended to a decline.—This, and previous convictions, brought on ſerious reflexions, and a recollection of the promiſe

ſhe

ſhe had made of *giving herſelf up to GOD*, which attended her both by day and by night. Other particulars will appear in a Letter written by herſelf.

This happened in 1759, in which year I accompanied my Friend and her Huſband to WEYMOUTH, in hope of benefiting her health; —he left us in a few days, but we continued there *ſix weeks*.—Her mind was now brought under very deep convictions, and religious awakenings, tho' not from any thing we heard from without; but wholly and ſolely from an inviſible divine power ſecretly operating within; and her attention was ſo entirely fixed on what ſhe felt, that all inclination for conſorting with the company was taken away.—We kept only to ourſelves, frequently ſpending many hours together on the ſands near the ſea ſhore. She kept a ſmall Bible in her pocket, on purpoſe for frequent peruſal;—being fully ſatisfied that the LORD was carrying on a great work in her ſoul, ſhe yielded to it, patiently ſubmitting to the ſcourges of conſcience, tho' it often threw her into the greateſt agonies; and when at our lodgings, would fall proſtrate on her knees, and, amazing now to recollect! ſhe was at this early period, ſo evidently led in the *inward path*, that ſhe would at ſuch ſeaſons frequently continue on her knees from *one to two hours at a time*, in *ſilent prayer*, when I waited by her ſide; and tho' it was irkſome to my nature, and painful to my body, yet I felt the happy effects of it in my ſpirit,

ſuch

ſuch as is *never to be forgotten:* And as ſhe had never been taught by any human means, to ſeek and wait for divine help in *ſilent prayer*, it may with much truth be affirmed, and cannot be too much admired, that the LORD *alone* was herein her Shepherd, and the inſpiration of the ALMIGHTY, *her leader and her guide.*

It is likewiſe wonderful to reflect, that the *Holy Spirit* began now to operate ſo *powerfully*, by teaching and illuminating her mind, and opening to her the ſcriptures, inſomuch that many paſſages ſhe would at this time, to my great aſtoniſhment, often explain to me in a moſt beautiful and edifying manner.

The day was now fixed for our leaving WEYMOUTH.—We ſat off early in the morning, and the following day reach'd *Pensford* about twelve o'clock at noon, where we continued until the cool of the evening, (the weather being very hot.)—After refreſhing ourſelves, we retired to a room above ſtairs, intending to reſt on a bed, but at that inſtant a variety of conflicting paſſions, ſo deeply exerciſed and violently agitated my poor Friend, that ſhe could take no reſt, but threw herſelf on the bed, continuing in an agony of prayer for the ſpace of *five hours*, during which ſhe ſaid, *ſhe had now a clear view of the ſufferings that awaited her, and which ſhe was then going to encounter*;—adding, that ſhould ſhe prove *unfaithful* to the diſcoveries, which in mercy, had been made to her mind, dreadful would be the conſequence!—I can

never for get what I myſelf then felt.—She had by this time entirely won me over to the ſide of religion; tho' as yet I knew very little of the evil, which lay undiſcloſed in my own heart:—I had even enjoy'd at ſeaſons, a view of the felicities of an eternal world, which ſhe had been enabled to ſet forth in ſuch a manner, that I miſtakenly conceiv'd, nothing could ever have effac'd its memory. But how diſcouraging to ſo young a beginner, was the diſtreſs of my dear Friend now before my eyes! —In this ſituation we arriv'd the ſame evening at BRISTOL.—Her Huſband ſoon perceiv'd an alteration in us both;—inſtead of our former gaiety, lightneſs, and trifling, an unaccuſtom'd ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity; and, as he naturally might, he enquir'd the occaſion, and remonſtrated.—But my dear Friend, with no leſs than the courage of a ſoul divinely animated, boldly declared the alarming views ſhe then had of an *eternal world*, and of the indiſpenſable neceſſity of becoming *a new creature*, in order to attain true peace here, and everlaſting happineſs hereafter; that ſhe could no longer think of living to *pleaſe herſelf*, but to *pleaſe* CHRIST, who had died for her; and taking her huſband by the hand, entreated him in the moſt endearing, tender manner, to unite with her in this *one thing needful*.—He really was affected, and wept, but the impreſſion ſoon wore off.—From this time, I have abundant cauſe to believe, ſhe never deviated from following her Redeemer, in humility, patience, reſignation, and ſelf-denial, ſhe having previouſly

viouſly ſat down and counted the coſt; and like unto his dear diſciples in all ages, hath at length, *through much tribulation*, entered his kingdom.—At this period R. S. made a conſiderable alteration in her dreſs, leaving off what was meerly ornamental and ſuperfluous; but her ideas were ſo enlarged, that ſhe did not conſider this as a matter eſſential; yet from the knowledge ſhe had of the human heart, in its unregenerate ſtate, ſhe conſider'd it ſafer, as a woman profeſſing godlineſs, to adorn herſelf in modeſt apparel, it being well known that finery in dreſs, is too apt to ſubject the wearer to ſelf-eſteem;—ſelf-denial, and bearing the croſs, being what ſhe was call'd to, and in which ſhe reſolutely perſiſted, notwithſtanding the many arguments that were uſed for diſſuading her from it.—This was not from humour, but a noble *magnanimity* of ſoul; being aſſur'd by CHRIST himſelf, that if ſhe confeſs'd him before men, he would confeſs her before his heavenly Father.—Her Huſband finding her thus reſolute, became very uneaſy, call'd in her friends, (ſome of whom ſhe highly eſteem'd and lov'd,) to try whether *arguments* would prevail; and in this inſtance ſhe acted a ſevere ſelf-denying part, in oppoſing thoſe who were labouring, as they thought, for her good; but ſhe defended herſelf and the cauſe of religion, againſt all their rhetorick, in ſuch weighty terms, compoſure of mind, and dignity of expreſſion, that her very oppoſers, who charg'd her with errors and deluſion, were either ſilenced, or acknowledged the truth of

what ſhe advanced:—No exulting on her part at the advantage gained over her opponents;—a modeſt reſervedneſs was natural; but the Apoſtles exultation may truly be applied to her;—*In all theſe things we are more than Conquerors, through him that loved us*:—In ſhort, ſhe boldly aſſured her Friends, that by Divine Aſſiſtance, ſhe was fixedly determined to make no alteration, or to know any thing (according to ſcripture language) but JESUS CHRIST, and him crucified; and that it would be her endeavor to *follow him in the regeneration*.—Her Huſband readily acknowledged that his Wife conducted herſelf, as to the concerns of this world, with the diſpoſition of a *Lamb*; but in the concerns of religion, ſhe acted with the boldneſs of a *Lion*.—The following inſtance was a proof of the remark:—Being engag'd in diſcourſe with him,—in anſwer to ſome matters, which he had advanced, ſhe ſaid,—"Oh Sir, was you to make a fire in that pave-"ment (pointing to it) and burn me in it, I "cannot act otherwiſe,"—enlarging on the ſubject;—at which he was exceedingly ſtruck.

My company being now equally as unacceptable to many of our former acquaintance, as was that of my friend, we parted in about a week after our arrival from *Weymouth*, leaving her to encounter the trials already began, and I return'd to my friends in the country, viſiting her at intervals for the ſpace of *four months*; after which I was unhappily ſeparated from her during ſeveral years.

And

And *now, Reader, permit me to take thy attention to what more particularly concerns myſelf alone.*—On parting with my dear Friend, ſhe charg'd and entreated me not to loſe the Grace I had receiv'd; obſerving, that if I took heed, more would be given.—She alſo recommended my appropriating *two hours* every day, at ſuch ſeaſons as were moſt convenient, *for waiting upon* GOD *in ſilent prayer*; alſo to read the *ſcriptures*, and other books, that might inculcate, promote, and tend to the keeping of GOD *in all my thoughts.* During a few months her advice was obſerved; but my relations remarking, that my mind was hereby led to inward retirement and recollection, became alarm'd:—They hit upon a ſcheme, form'd a party, and inſiſted on my joining them in a journey. I objected, but they were determined, and I muſt comply. We accordingly repaired to the place of deſtination,—a Gentleman's houſe in *Oxfordſhire.* Here every amuſement was contriv'd for ſpending our time in diſſipation; every day ſome new ſcheme for pleaſure invented, and as a carriage was kept, viſiting or viſited, by the neighbouring gentry, (of which were an abundance) fill'd up every moment:—In vain I attempted to keep my hours for retirement, an effectual bar being fixed for preventing it;—a young Gentlewoman ſlept with me;—I felt ſhame at appearing to pray, or retire in her preſence, and truly her gaiety and merry ſongs diverted every ſerious reflexion: I ſoon caught the ſpirit, and enter'd into all their mirth, becoming altogether

as

as diſſipated as my aſſociates, tho' often, often caſt a wiſhful glance at the happy moments I had heretofore enjoy'd, but were now departed: —In ſhort, I ſeem'd fully to enter into all the poor enjoyments this world could afford. I ſoon commenc'd acquaintance with a female of ſuperior rank to the other, as well as to myſelf. With her I ran into all the giddy rounds of folly and vanity, that balls, plays, concerts, and other amuſements, could afford; tho' in the midſt I truly felt a vacuum, an *unſatisfied want*; yea, I did *really* feel an hunger after *a better life*; and bleſſed be GOD, theſe poor gratifications did never totally extinguiſh it.—I even ſeemed to myſelf like a perſon always in *diſguiſe*, and acting a part that did not belong to me, for thoughts of futurity, of *Heaven* and of *Hell*, would involuntarily obtrude.—Ah! little do the deluded compliancers with faſhionable follies and vanities, conceive, what pangs they muſt ſooner or later endure, and what work they are making for *bitter repentance*, by acting againſt the laws of GOD, and the dictates of their own conſciences; for conſcience, the voice of GOD within, *will ſpeak and will be heard*, amidſt the career of ſin and pleaſure. I can ſolemnly aver, I never found reſt to my ſoul until I totally ſurrendered;—an awful conſideration! that man, poſſeſſing an immortal ſpirit, originally created in the image and likeneſs of his GOD, (wofully indeed departed from it,) that man ſhould, notwithſtanding, only live to *eat*, and *drink*, and *ſleep*, and *wake*, *laugh*, and *trifle*, *ſin*—and *die!*

Melancholy

Melancholy reflexion! that the *diſordered paſſions*, and *propenſities*, of *depraved human nature*, ſhould prove the real *tormentors*; *if not the murderers of his ſoul!*

Amongſt the many horrors my mind now experienced at intervals, I will mention one, that occur'd amidſt the ſplendor of an *aſſembly*; —It was, that *I ſaw the day of judgment, with all its tremendous circumſtances attending, clearly repreſented to my mind*:—And think, oh think, dear Reader! what an alloy this muſt have prov'd to the ſuppos'd felicities of an aſſembly!

Lamentable to relate, I continued in this miſerable, *artificial* kind of life, until the year 1765, when I returned home, for the purpoſe of preparing to attend the nuptials of my laſt-mentioned companion. But here I was *arreſted*.—I had now time for retirement, tho' at firſt retirement felt very unpleaſant. Reflections, however, would obtrude; and I now perceiv'd, fully perceiv'd, my paſs'd miſguided conduct had been all vexation of ſpirit; and at length I came to this concluſion—*Surely there is a happineſs to be enjoyed far ſuperior to any I have lately purſued.* I even reſolved once more to ſeek what I had formerly in ſome meaſure poſſeſs'd.—It was then repreſented, I muſt now totally forſake the fancied felicities I had been lately engaged in; and by divine aſſiſtance I actually determined. The intended preparation was entirely drop'd. My late acquaintance ſent letter after letter, which were all

all unanſwered; and herein I committed no ſmall degree of violence to my own nature;—my mind became under much conflict and conſiderable ſuffering; and having now forſaken my worldly friendſhips, I really ſeem'd as if left in a deſart. At this important moment, the mercy of GOD brought to my relief a religious perſon, who furniſh'd me with WILLIAM LAW's *Spirit of Prayer, and Spirit of Love.* This was a memorable inſtance of Providence. And here I muſt relate *a Dream*, that to ſome may appear whimſical, tho' to me a *Reality.*—It aroſe from the following circumſtance.—I had ſome years before been intimate at the houſe of a Phyſician, a ſerious man, long ſince deceaſed,* where I remembered ſeeing one piece of W. LAW's latter Writings, and of hearing the Doctor remark, that '*Mr. Law* 'was once a burning and a ſhining light, but 'that he is now become a fallen ſtar.'—Theſe words came freſh into my mind, together with a query, and much doubt, whether I might with ſafety read theſe books?—And it was truly an addition to my diſtreſs.—In this ſituation I dreamed one night, that the Doctor convers'd with me, and ſaid, 'I need *not fear* '*to read theſe writings, for they contained the* '*truth; and that he himſelf now ſaw things very* '*differently.*'

Strange as it may appear, this dream conſoled my mind, diſſipated my fears, and bleſſed be GOD, I now with courage read; and theſe books were the

* Dr. RANDOLPH, late of *Briſtol.*

the happy means of bringing my feet into that path from whence I had ſo deplorably departed; may it never be forgotten!

I beg leave to tranſcribe a paſſage from which I found a moſt ſingular bleſſing;—it was as follows:—

"All depends upon thy right ſubmiſſion "and obedience to this ſpeaking of GOD in "thy ſoul. Stop therefore all ſelf-activity, "liſten not to the ſuggeſtions of thy own rea- "ſon, run not on in thy own will, but be "retired, ſilent, paſſive, and humbly atten- "tive to this new riſen light within thee. "Open thy heart, thy eyes, and ears, to all "its impreſſions. Let it enlighten, teach, "frighten, torment, judge, and condemn thee, "as it pleaſes, turn not away from it, hear "all it ſays, ſeek for no relief out of it, con- "ſult not with fleſh and blood, but with a "heart full of faith and reſignation to GOD, "pray only this prayer, that GOD's kingdom "may come, and his will be done in thy ſoul. "Stand faithfully in this ſtate of preparation, "thus given up to the Spirit of GOD, and "then the work of thy repentance will be "wrought in GOD, and thou wilt ſoon find, "that he that is in thee, is much greater than "all that are againſt thee."—*Spirit of Prayer*, part the 1ſt, pa. 77.

Theſe words made deep impreſſion, and no words could have been more ſuitable to my ſituation.

Now permit me to obſerve, *dear Reader*, that if thou art tinctured with the ſame infatuating folly, that hath coſt me ſuch bitter remorſe, I truſt that what hath been related will have ſome effect on thy mind.—The expoſure of my own *backſliding*, and troubling thee with this long detail, being ſolely from a wiſh to appriſe my deluded fellow mortals, of a ſcourge they are providing for themſelves, when purſuing the ſame deluſive road—happy, happy thoſe that ſee it in time!—Remember, it is written, *the day of the* LORD (or the day of death) *will come as a thief in the night*. Attend, to the ſenſations of thy own breaſt, before it is too late! Doſt thou not feel at times, an UNEASINESS ‘ *thou canſt not tell* WHAT *to* ‘ *do with, or* HOW *to bear, riſing up,* WITHOUT ‘ *thy conſent, caſting a* BLACKNESS *over all* ‘ *thy thoughts, and then going off again, either* ‘ *by the chearfulneſs of the* SUN, *or* AIR, *or* ‘ *ſome* AGREEABLE *accident; and again,* AT ‘ TIMES, *as ſuddenly returning?——Sufficient* ‘ *indications are* THESE *to every man, that there* ‘ *is a* DARK GUEST *within, concealed under the* ‘ COVER *of fleſh and blood, often* LULLED ‘ ASLEEP *by worldly* LIGHT *and* AMUSEMENTS, ‘ YET SUCH AS WILL, IN SPITE OF EVERY ‘ THING, *ſhew itſelf, which, if it has not its* ‘ PROPER RELIEF, *in this life,* MUST BE HIS ‘ TORMENT IN ETERNITY. *And it was for* ‘ *the ſake of this* HIDDEN HELL *within us, that* ‘ *our Bleſſed* LORD *ſaid when on earth, and ſays* ‘ *now to every ſoul,* COME UNTO ME, ALL YE ‘ THAT LABOUR; AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, ‘ AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST. *If thou doſt*

‘ *aſk*

'aſk WHERE, *and* HOW *is* CHRIST *to be found?*
'I anſwer, in thy heart, and by thy heart, and
'no where elſe, nor by any thing elſe.'

I now ſpent two years in retirement, paſſing through many a ſore conflict, until at length my ſoul, thro' mercy, enjoy'd in ſome degree, that peace which the world could neither give, nor with all its conflicting trials, take away.—During this long interval, I had not ſo much as written to my dear *Friend Scudamore*, and indeed avoided all occaſions that were likely to bring me in her way.—I wrote divers letters with a deſign of ſending, but my heart always fail'd, and they were as often deſtroy'd. I felt a ſhame, and even a thought of her, brought conviction with it. Nevertheleſs, I afterwards heard, ſhe uſed to tell her religious acquaintance, that ſhe had a Friend, whom ſhe tenderly loved, that had forſaken her, and was gone into the world, but ſhe was aſſured in her own mind, ſhe ſhould have her again, and that with an increaſe of Grace.—This without doubt, was an anſwer to her prayers.—At the expiration of my two years retirement, a Friend of mine wanted to conſult *Counſellor Scudamore* on an affair in the Law, and deſired my company.—I could not refuſe, tho' felt exceeding great reluctance; my ingratitude to his dear wife having juſtly caus'd me to expect ſevere reproaches; but how was I diſappointed!—I was receiv'd with open arms, and with an affection not unlike the Prodigal return'd to his Father.——Such unexpected reception

quite overwhelm'd me.—We drank tea together; ſhe invited me to another interview ſpeedily, which was gladly complied with the next week following, and our friendſhip was happily renewed.—This was in March, 1767, after a ſeparation of *ſeven years*; ſince which I have ſcarcely ever been in her company without edification or comfort. Various diſpenſations of Divine Providence have ſince then been my lot; and as the inviſible leader of ſouls is marvellous in his conduct and procedure, ſo in particular it has been towards me; and under a deep conviction of its propriety, I was led to join a Chriſtian Community, with which my Friend was not connected; yet this, and an alteration afterwards in my ſituation by marriage, did not leſſen me in her eſteem, nor ſhe in mine. We became of one heart and of one mind; if poſſible, in an higher degree than ever before; and ſhe was the happy inſtrument of ſtrengthening and aſſiſting me in the beſt of intereſts.—Difference in externals, occaſion'd not the leaſt degree of difference betwixt us, and why ſhould it amongſt any that are candidates for Heaven?—If the *heart* is in a ſtate of renewal,—a meaſure of the divine life brought forth;—all of *every* outward form, *muſt* ſpeak the ſame language, and finally ſhall arrive and meet at, and in the ſame eternal kingdom of glory.—Why then ſhould any of them *fall out by the way?*

I cannot find any Letter from R. S. during the chaſm in our friendſhip—the following

was received after my return, and firſt interview—*without date of the year.*

'My dear *Miſs Weſton*'s kind Epiſtle, prov'd 'a moſt pleaſing one to me—it not only con-'tain'd an account of ſpending her time much 'to her own ſatisfaction, but alſo of reaping 'ſpiritual advantage from it.—Be aſſured your 'happineſs is very nearly connected with my 'own, deſiring to join in rendering thanks for 'every thing that thro' divine favor, is a means 'of promoting it.—It is a pleaſing reflexion, 'that we are ſoldiers, both engaged in the ſame 'ſpiritual warfare, and, I truſt, are daily march-'ing towards victory and a crown, thro' him 'that hath loved us; and I hope one day to 'give all that praiſe which is due to ſo divine 'a Captain and Conqueror.—Of this hope, I 'have ſome ſmall glimmering, which, (as the 'Apoſtle ſpeaks) makes me in ſome meaſure, '*ſtedfaſt* in believing and in hoping, for that 'happineſs and that glory, which lie within 'the veil, prepared for every faithful ſoldier 'in CHRIST JESUS. I make no doubt of this 'being my dear Friend's faith and hope alſo, 'in a much larger degree; earneſtly deſiring 'it may daily encreaſe

Your's, &c.

Maudlin-Lane, Sept. 27. R. S.

After my Marriage.

'I cannot help requeſting my dear *Sally* '*Young*, to *ſpell* that heart language my pen 'follows,

'follows, when it declares a truth of the laſt 'importance; which is, that the only life we 'are allowed to live upon earth, is, the *life of* 'Faith, and that it grows *much better* under 'difficulties, than when the concerns of this 'world go on ſmoothly.—I know of no ſweeter 'entertainment, that GOD can afford his poor 'children, than to *convince* them, that the *beſt* 'of this world, is an abundant too *poor* a diet 'for them to feed upon;—it is his method of 'cauſing them to have the greater reliſh for 'that marrow and fatneſs, which is alone to 'be derived from CHRIST, and which they 'are always to *live* upon, which is no leſs 'than on the Fountain itſelf.—What can come 'amiſs to that ſoul, which CHRIST under-'takes, by all things, and through all things, 'to bring to himſelf;—for this he died; and 'this is *the grand purpoſe of every trial.*—Upon 'this ground it is, *the Spirit ſaith, Rejoice 'when ye fall into divers temptations.—My dear,* 'let us chooſe the eternal GOD for our por-'tion, then ſhall we have *enough.*—Our cup 'will be brim full.—Let us ſoar above, diſ-'regarding all *outward* comforts and conſo-'lations, which ſerve only to obſtruct our 'communion with the Author of *true bleſ-'ſedneſs.*

I entreat my *dear Sally*, whenever ſhe is favor'd to breathe fervently for ſpiritual bleſ-ſings for herſelf, to remember her poor, weak, unworthy, loving, R. S.'

Wedneſday—without date. After

After this long digreſſion, I muſt requeſt the Reader to recollect that in the year 1759, R. S. was left encountering and conquering. She would gladly then have given the right hand of fellowſhip to thoſe of the community with which ſhe had been long connected, but was not ſo happy to find any to whom it was agreeable. Her ſoul became greatly exerciſed, and truly hungered for the bread that alone ſatisfies;---ſhe wiſhed to adviſe with *a Goſpel* Miniſter, and to attend a Goſpel miniſtry:--- And here may be ſeen, and cannot be too much admired, the adorable Providence of GOD in her behalf.

Her heart now inclined, and even her Huſband granted her full permiſſion, to frequent the *Eſtabliſhed Church*, and to conſult and take counſel of the Miniſter of *St. Werburgh's in Briſtol*; who, being himſelf experienced in the divine life, did both by public and private inſtruction, inculcate and enforce the neceſſity of attending to, and ſeeking GOD her Saviour, *within her own heart*,---the very path in which ſhe had been hitherto led; and ſhe frequently experienced much conſolation and confirmation, from ſuch inſtructions and advice. At this place of worſhip ſhe conſtantly and ſtatedly attended during *the remainder of her life*, until confined by illneſs: But as ſhe had ſought, and ultimately attained the *quinteſſence* of true Religion; ſhe uſed the externals, as meerly leading to what was *internal*,—the thing ſignified,—fully convinced of our divine Redeemer's

deemer's aſſeveration, 3d John 3,—that *except a man be born again*, [or partake of an heavenly nature] *he cannot enter the kingdom of* GOD.——R. S. took the *ſhorteſt road*, never adopting any particular doctrine, opinion, or ſyſtem, adhering ſimply to the direction of *holy writ*; at the ſame time ſincerely and implicitly believing the words that occur in divers of the *Collects*, appointed in the *eſtabliſhed Liturgy*, declaring the neceſſity of divine *continual inſpiration*,—that *without* GOD, *we cannot think a good thought, or do any thing that is good.—Praying, that we may daily be renew'd by the Holy Spirit; that it may* IN ALL THINGS *direct; that we may obey his godly motions;—that he may be our Ruler and our Guide*; and R. S. firmly believed, that GOD *himſelf did actually teach the hearts of the faithful.*—— Theſe, and expreſſions of the like import, in the daily public offices, ſhe believed did ſtrictly *mean* and *intend*, according to the very *Letter*. Indeed the Scripture had informed her that CHRIST muſt be *formed in the heart*, his Holy Spirit guide and govern it; and that all ſhort of this, was only ſtanding on the ſurface of Religion.

The books ſhe read, were principally the *Bible*;—this ſhe always eſteem'd *the Book of Books*; and it was her daily companion.—She likewiſe held in great eſtimation, THOMAS A KEMPIS's *Imitation of Chriſt*, BROMLEY's *Sabbath of Reſt*, and one or two others of the ſpiritual kind; but ſome few, that ſhe had

ſeen

ſeen of the later Writings of the *illuminated* W. LAW, ſhe *peculiarly* eſteem'd and admir'd; many expreſſions and paſſages from whom, and ſome others, are introduced in this attempt to recount a very ſmall part of the wonders of grace, diſplayed in and towards my late deceaſed Friend; being unable to find words ſo ſuitable to the ſubject, and ſo ſtrongly expreſſive both of her and my own ſentiments.

That there is but one unerring path to Heaven,—that of attaining an *heavenly nature*, unincumbered with points of doctrine or ſyſtems of divinity, and that R. S. embraced this ſhort and narrow path, and experienced a deep proceſs of inward purification, will appear by the following Extracts, taken from ſome of her own Letters, written under different ſtates of mind, at different times, and addreſſed to ſeveral of her Chriſtian Friends, who eſteem the originals as *Sacred Remains*.

No. I.

29 *October* 1761.

'Oh my dear Friend! I am indeed in the 'deeps of affliction. My ſoul is exceeding 'ſorrowful. My GOD! I cry day and night 'unto thee!—I call to mind thy paſt mercies 'and deliverances, yet am not comforted. 'LORD hear my prayer that cometh not out 'of feigned lips;—ſubmit my will to thine, 'howſoever afflictive it be to fleſh and blood;

'and ſanctify theſe great ſufferings, that I may 'be brought nearer to thee my Saviour, my 'GOD, and my *all in all.*

R. S.

No. II.

30 *October*, 1761.

'I have indeed experienced, that of walking 'in darkneſs and ſeeing no light; and my 'ſins like an hoſt have encamped againſt me; 'and unbelief, like a mountain, hath obſcured 'all my bright proſpects. Oh, that I may 'come forth from this fiery furnace, as gold 'purified, bearing the image of the Son of 'Man: Surely he never forſook any that truſted 'in him, his mercy cannot forſake me, for 'he died for ſinners.

'Oh pray for your afflicted Friend,

'R. S.'

No. III.

31 *October*, 1761.

'I feel a noble courage animate my ſoul, on 'reading of the army you ſpoke of,—even the 'great JEHOVAH JESUS; the holy Angels, the 'Church Triumphant above, and the Church 'Militant below, being all on my ſide; and 'I have experienced that JESUS, the Captain

'of

'of our ſalvation, thanks be to his tender 'mercies, hath ſupported, under all the trials 'he is pleaſed to exerciſe me with. I am ſen-'ſible, *reſignation* is the duty called for at pre-'ſent. Bleſſed JESUS grant me that Grace! 'May patience have its perfect work, and may 'thy will be done. Oh, that I could praiſe 'him for being pleaſed in the leaſt degree to 'bend my unruly will. His Grace has indeed 'taught me not to entertain the leaſt hard 'thoughts under this painful diſpenſation:— 'But my dear Friend, you are ſenſible, even 'Grace does not render us inſenſible to very 'great ſufferings. Bleſs him, my dear Friend, 'that the Heavens wear a fairer aſpect, that '*He* has calmed the tempeſt; and when my 'dear JESUS, the Sun of Righteouſneſs, is 'pleaſed to ſhine forth, may my gladdened 'ſoul ſpring forth with joy inexpreſſible, to 'meet him whom my ſoul loveth!

'R. S.'

N. B. It is probable that part of this Letter glanced at *a trial began* in - 1761
encreaſed in 1763
completed in 1771

No. IV.

1 *November*, 1761.

'A thouſand thanks for the Extract you 'kindly ſent me. It was perfectly ſuitable to 'my caſe. Thanks be to GOD, it conveyed 'divine conſolation. Oh, that I may be di-

'vinely taught, wholly to abandon *my whole* '*ſelf*, to my Divine Redeemer, in the ſenſe 'therein mentioned.

'R. S.'

No. V.

22 *February*, 1762.

'*Marſay's Spiritual Diſcourſes*, you lent me, 'has very deſervedly been termed an invalu-'able treaſure, for this book declares that hid-'den myſtery,—the deep things of God, which 'only the Holy Spirit can diſcover, for none 'knoweth the things of God, but the Spirit 'of God alone.—I aſſure you it hath proved 'a real bleſſing.

'R. S.'

No. VI.

24 *March*, 1762.

'Permit me to ſpeak of the Grace which 'ſweetly leads to the enjoyment of divine 'communion and intercourſe with our God. 'Prayer brings us into the Preſence Chamber. '—Oh, let us always live in this Chamber; 'and when buſineſs calls off our thoughts, 'let us ſilently ſteal a look. He will certainly 'meet us. Oh, the unſpeakable ſatisfaction 'to find him near! How ſhall I find lan-'guage to expreſs his goodneſs; and how 'much your Jesus longs to beſtow himſelf,

'with

'with his beſt of bleſſings upon you. O! do
'but *look* to him, whether cold or dead, only
'*look* to him, juſt as you are.—All your unfit-
'neſs ſhould not in the leaſt diſcourage; 'tis
'*his* glorious work to help, and he delights to
'do it.—Oh, that the prayers of one ſo un-
'worthy as myſelf, might prevail for your
'receiving every needful bleſſing.—Remem-
'ber, we rely upon an advocate, whoſe blood
'always pleads, and who has given us this
'ſweet promiſe, that if *we aſk we ſhall receive.*

'R. S.'

No. VII.

20 *June*, 1762.

'How ſhall ſuch vile duſt as I am, write on
'ſo ſublime a ſubject;—the ſecret operation
'of the Holy Spirit in our ſouls, and of that
'*inactive*, *ſilent*, humble proſtration of ſoul,
'that appears (if I may uſe the expreſſion) as
'it were annihilated in its own eyes, in order
'perfectly to ceaſe from all actings of its own,
'that GOD alone, may be its *Actor* and *Mover?*
'—You muſt read my *heart* to know, what
'it means on this ſubject, my pen is unable
'to declare it.—There, O my dear JESUS!
'do thou by the *continual* operation of thy
'bleſſed Spirit, deepen theſe truths in my
'heart, and may they bring forth fruits of
'righteouſneſs, that may *evidence* the *indwel-*
'*ling* of the bleſſed Spirit, in me thy poor

'ſinful

'ſinful ſervant; and oh, that the time for his 'glorious appearance to take away all ſin, was 'arrived! Dear SAVIOUR, haſten thy coming, 'or give greater patience to wait for thy 'coming.

'Oh, my Friend, we ſhou'd not live at ſo 'low a rate;—are not our ſouls, think you, 'like the dead bodies of the two Prophets, 'ſpoken of in the Revelations; that continued 'dead, until the Spirit of Life entered into 'them?—Then they lived indeed!—If JESUS 'doth but ſpeak the word, the ſame Spirit of 'Life, ſhall ſhew forth the like divine wonder 'in our ſouls. Oh, let us be often looking 'to this bleſſed Author and Finiſher of our 'Faith, at leaſt let us be as thoſe that are '*waiting* for their LORD. It is his ſweet 'work to bleſs us with that Grace of humble, 'patient *waiting*; and who knows but he may 'ſurpriſe us, with his glorious appearance, 'when we leaſt expect.—I am aſſured his com-'ing forth will be like a bleſſed Bridegroom 'indeed! Its glory is not to be deſcribed. 'Then will the everlaſting doors be opened, 'and the King of Glory ſhall have an entrance, '—the everlaſting gates will lift up their 'heads.—To your Watch Tower,—my dear 'Friend; to our Watch Tower,—methinks 'ſome ſweet ſigns of his appearance are already 'to be ſeen.—May you ſoon arrive to the ſum-'mit of your deſires, by encreaſing in all ſpi-'ritual knowledge and underſtanding.

'Sometimes

'Sometimes when the narrow path, in which 'I walk, is preſented to my view, I can, I 'think, with the greateſt propriety, and I hope 'with the humbleſt confidence, apply theſe 'words to myſelf;—

'Thou art my helper and my guide,
'I truſt in him alone,
'No other helps have I beſide,
'I venture all on one.

'R. S.'

No. VIII.

17 July, 1763.

'How happy are they, who, from being 'led and guided by the Spirit of Truth, are 'enabled to walk according to its unerring 'directions.—Have not ſuch ſouls that *unction 'from above*, the Apoſtle declares, that teach-'eth all things, without the neceſſity of out-'ward teaching? Certainly they are thoſe 'bleſſed, peculiarly bleſſed ſouls, in whom 'CHRIST JESUS, is a well of water, ſpringing 'up into eternal life; and to whom he is a 'never ceaſing ſpring of comfort and bleſ-'ſedneſs.—Shall not we then, watch and pray, 'and ſtrive to partake of ſuch an ineſtimable 'privilege? And ſhould we meet with ever ſo 'great difficulties, yet, ſhould we not be diſ-'couraged; for infinite wiſdom ſees it neceſ-'ſary to purge and purify his children, by the 'ſoreſt of trials, that their droſs may be

'cleanſed

'cleanſed and done away.—Theſe are com-
'fortable words—*our light afflictions, which*
'*are but for a moment, ſhall work for us, an*
'*exceeding and eternal weight of glory!* Words
'ſufficient to animate, comfort, and ſtrengthen
'the weakeſt believer.—My GOD knows, his
'Grace teaches me to aſpire after no leſs than
'to be *led* and *guided by his bleſſed Spirit*.—I
'would (coſt whatever it might) that I was
'*moulded* into the *likeneſs* of my divine Re-
'deemer JESUS CHRIST.—It is my earneſt
'deſire, that ſuch a diſpoſition was fully wrote
'in me, ſo as to keep back nothing, that my
'GOD may require; and that all his diſpen-
'ſations, whether of proſperity or adverſity,
'may ſerve to anſwer that one grand purpoſe.
'This is alſo my earneſt deſire for one, who
'is very near and dear to me, my dear
'Mr. S.

'R. S.'

No. IX.

Deſcribing her Converſion.

20 *December*, 1763.

'I muſt in the words of St. Paul, begin with
'telling you, that my manner of life, at the
'firſt, was after the ſtricteſt ſect of the Phari-
'ſees; but that at length, finding all my at-
'tempts fall ſhort of what the Goſpel required,
'I was almoſt driven to deſpair.—I had for
'ſome time, reſolved as much as poſſible to

'avoid

'avoid *occaſions* of ſin, had declined idle viſits,
'which frequently were means of wounding
'my conſcience, tho' I kept on ſinning and
'repenting until about four years ago, the year
'1759; when the LORD, in mercy, led me in a
'wonderful manner, to the knowledge of the
'Truth, as it is in JESUS.—The firſt remark-
'able effect of his power, was when I was
'reading that part of Scripture, where our
'LORD *prays not for the world, but for his diſ-*
'*ciples only.* I wept bitterly at ſeeing, *as I*
'*thought*, myſelf entirely excluded from the
'benefit of CHRIST's prayer; for I believed,
'that if CHRIST had prayed for me, I ſhould
'be ſaved. But I could not perceive from the
'prayer he made afterwards, for all that ſhould
'believe in him, through his word, that I
'had the leaſt reaſon for applying it to myſelf,
'or to receive conſolation from it; thereupon
'I ſhut the Bible, concluding I was loſt, and
'paſt recovery. Soon after this, it pleaſed
'GOD, to viſit me with a long fit of illneſs,
'a circumſtance before unknown, having all
'my life, till then, enjoyed an uninterrupted
'ſtate of health. I ſoon diſcovered by the
'perſons attending me, and by what I felt,
'that my life was in danger. I then took all
'opportunities of putting up *ſilent prayer*, fear-
'ing to utter words, leſt my tongue ſhould
'not follow the deſires of my heart; and by
'being much alone, and on bed, where I con-
'cealed a few books, I took every opportunity
'of ſearching for the knowledge of the Truth,
'my *heart* inceſſantly crying, LORD *how ſhall*

'*I find thee, whom I do earneſtly ſeek?*—After
'continuing in this ſituation ſeveral weeks,
'with very little ſleep, my fever running high;
'one night I dropt into ſleep, and after awak-
'ing, theſe words were ſtrongly ſuggeſted to
'my mind—*I am the truth and the life*—they
'could not have been ſo forcible, had an Angel
'ſounded them in my ears.—Hereby I was
'greatly comforted, and finding the words
'ſink deeper and deeper into my mind, it
'cauſed me often to make my prayer to CHRIST,
'as the only way to *Truth* and *Life*; *ſoon after*
'*which*, great appearances of recovery were
'obſerved, which, when the Doctor informed
'me, inſtead of rejoicing, I was like a perſon
'thunder-ſtruck, tho' my GOD knows, I then
'enjoyed every bleſſing to make life deſirable,
'united with a moſt tender huſband, whoſe
'affection exceeded all I can deſcribe.—But
'the words *a cumberer of the ground*, had for
'ſome time dwelt on my mind, which filled
'my heart with ſorrow, leſt I ſhould be the
'unhappy perſon. It caus'd me to pour out
'floods of tears before GOD, in ſecret, be-
'ſeeching he would not ſuffer me, ſo to re-
'quite his abundant mercies, and I could
'ſcarcely ſupport under it, for the ſenſe of
'ſuch infinite goodneſs was an intolerable
'weight.—Such was the diſtreſs, that it occa-
'ſion'd my attendants to obſerve an alteration
'for the worſe, in my bodily diſorder. At
'length it pleaſed GOD, that I recovered ſuf-
'ficient to walk abroad, and alſo to direct me
'to open my mind to my boſom Friend, my

'dear

'dear Mrs. ——, and aſking, whether ſhe 'thought GOD would hear the prayer of ſo 'vile a ſinner, provided I continued praying? 'She anſwered, yes certainly, and opened to 'me many parts of Scripture, which were ſo 'bleſſed, that I was enabled to believe, there 'was ſuch an experience as the *pardoning love* '*of* CHRIST, applicable by faith to a ſin ſick 'ſoul. And being informed that ſhe herſelf 'had already happily experienced it, I returned 'home, earneſtly praying that GOD would not 'ſuffer me to be deceived, in ſeeking what 'was unattainable, nor to ſhut my eyes againſt 'the light of his Holy Spirit, the power of 'which divine light, I now daily experienced 'more and more convincing and even convert-'ing my ſoul. At length I ſaw clearly, by 'this light, there was a divine faith, which 'worketh by love, that would transform my 'ſoul into the image and likeneſs of GOD;— 'I alſo felt an encreaſing fervent deſire after it, 'and tho' my ſins, like a thick cloud, did 'often intercept the light, and Satan affright 'with terrors, tending to deſpair; yet did my 'adorable JESUS bid me keep on, and reach 'after the prize. I did then moſt ardently 'cry, *Save me, ſave me, oh* JESUS, *or I periſh.* 'On opening my Bible, his rich and free pro-'miſes were preſented to my view, and praiſed 'be his holy Name, I continued only *a few* '*months* * in this ſituation, before I *really* 'found him I ſo earneſtly ſought;—more 'properly *I was apprehended of him, whom I*

 'alſo

* This included the Journey to WEYMOUTH, p. 8.

'*alſo apprehended.*—How ſhall I declare the 'wondrous love!—*Pardon*—*Peace*—and *a lit-* 'tle *Heaven*, were *felt* in my ſoul.—The Spi- 'rit of Truth, witneſſed my ſins were *pardoned.* 'Had Angels and men have united in denying 'it, I could not have then believed them, nor 'could it have brought me to diſcredit ſuch an '*heart-felt* and *real Truth.* I now went on 'rejoicing, on wings of love, and found, no- 'thing was too hard to be performed by him 'that *loveth.* I could no longer wonder, that 'the Martyrs ſo patiently endured the flames. 'I could talk of, or at leaſt reliſh nought, but 'things divine.—But remark! I knew *not myſelf* 'as yet, nor until ſome time *after*, when it 'pleaſed GOD to break up the *fountains of the* '*great deep*, in my ſoul, and ſhewed me Satan, 'the ſtrong man armed, in poſſeſſion of that 'kingdom which was no longer to continue 'under his dominion. Happy for me this 'diſcovery was not made all at once, for who 'could have abided ſuch a ſight and live?— 'I had not been more than a fortnight in poſ- 'ſeſſion of theſe delightful ſenſations, before 'I felt the withdrawings of the Holy Spirit, 'occaſion'd by a lightneſs of ſpirit I then 'fell into. My diſtreſs at this, was now ſo 'great as to be obſerved by my countenance. 'I poured out my ſoul before my much injured 'LORD; my light being turned into darkneſs; 'and day and night with inceſſant tears, did I 'cry after an abſent GOD. Oh, how bitterly 'did I bewail my ingratitude, beſeeching my 'LORD to reſtore to me the light of his coun-

'tenance,

'tenance. Now I was ſhewn the hidden
'myſtery of iniquity, that lay deeply hid at
'the bottom of my heart; and the greateſt of
'all ſins (my maſter ſin) was my want of love,
'to that CHRIST who had already done ſo
'much for me, and I could ſo baſely prefer
'trifles to a ſenſe of his love. This horrible
'ſight pierced my ſoul through and through;
'I ſaw that if I was not ſanctified, and made
'like unto CHRIST in the holineſs of his
'nature, pardon, and all things beſide, would
'ſerve only to encreaſe my miſery. I fre-
'quently would ſay, in an agony of ſoul, Why,
'my JESUS *pardon*, if I am ſuffer'd to carry
'about me ſo many ſcorpions and ſoul tor-
'mentors, now felt within me? Here, I ſaid,
'is the ſpear, the nails, and the crown of
'thorns, that pierced and wounded my Sa-
'viour. I looked on myſelf as a perſon car-
'rying cruel inſtruments for murdering his
'deareſt Friend. No kind of death, would to
'me have been grievous, could I by ſuch means
'have got rid of a burthen ſo intolerable to
'bear.—Night, and the ſhades of darkneſs,
'were ſought, for pouring out my tears and
'grief before GOD. At night the morning
'was wiſhed for, and in the morning the night
'was deſired. I was truly like Noah's dove,
'that had not where to reſt its foot. No ac-
'count I had read came ſo near my caſe, as
'that of Judas. I even *named myſelf Judas.*
'*None do know what ſuch ſorrows mean, but*
'*thoſe that have felt them.* In theſe the ſoul,
'beſt apprehends, the ſufferings our deareſt

'LORD

'LORD ſuſtained, when he ſaid, *My God, my*
'*God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* And by ſuch
'ſufferings a ſoul is indeed taught the preci-
'ouſneſs of a Saviour.—At intervals, I had
'even then, ſome conſolations, ſome *gleams* of
'thoſe ineffable delights, Saints and Angels
'enjoy, but ſore conflicts and agonies of ſoul
'would return.—One day, my body being
'faint and almoſt expiring before the throne
'of mercy, my mind in an agony, under the
'greateſt conflict and temptation, with which
'it had ever been exerciſed; it was ſweetly
'impreſſed, and afforded ſome degree of reſt
'to my ſoul, that I was now honoured with
'taſting that bitter cup of which CHRIST,
'my deareſt LORD, had drank the very dregs.
'Is it ſo, my deareſt LORD, anſwered my ſoul,
'then let me bow before thee, in humble ac-
'knowledgment of ſo great a favor. I was then
'cauſed to perceive, that every ſoul was not per-
'mitted the like favor; and that a diſtinction
'is made betwixt CHRIST's *Diſciples* and *Ser-*
'*vants*; and that thoſe that were admitted to
'the *cloſeſt union*, and to ſit with him at his
'table, ſhall be made the *moſt conformable to*
'*his death*, by drinking of the cup he drank,
'and being baptized with the baptiſm he was
'baptized with.—The following day, being
'*Sabbath*, at church, my ſorrows were en-
'creaſed to ſuch a degree, it was obſervable
'by any one that ſaw me. But during divine
'ſervice I *diſcerned him* whom my ſoul loved,
'paſs by me, tho' having only a ſlight view,
'I could not reſt ſatisfied without further diſ-

'coveries.

'coveries.—After Sermon, the Clerk gave out 'to be ſung, part of the Lamentation of a 'Sinner; I liſtened with the utmoſt attention, 'and the words penetrated my ſoul.—My ſoul 'was fled indeed, and the eye of faith ſo ſtea-'dily looking at thoſe things *within the veil*, 'that for the time, I had no attention to, or 'view of, any thing beſides: And that day's 'experience has been ever ſince a ſupport, in 'every ſeaſon of diſtreſs and temptation. The 'lines that were peculiarly bleſſed to my ſoul, 'are theſe——

"Whoſe bloody wounds at once I ſee,
"Tho' not with mortal eye;
"And as thy Saints behold them LORD,
"So I truſt, ſhall I.
"Tho' ſin doth hinder me awhile,
"When He doth ſee it good,
"I ſhall behold the face of him,
"That ſhed for me his blood."

'Now did all that was within me unite in 'praiſing and magnifying my Saviour. Now 'I could have publiſhed it to all the world, 'that my beloved was mine, and I was his; 'and now like the rich Merchant, did I re-'joice, in having again in *poſſeſſion*, the ineſti-'mable pearl of great price. I found *I had 'all my heart's deſire*. I held him faſt, and 'would not let him go. I entreated him to 'inſtruct me *how* to keep and hold him faſt, 'that I might never, never grieve or diſpleaſe 'him more. And I was and am now, ſo en-

'couraged

'couraged by his promiſes of upholding me, 'by the power of his Grace, that I was and 'am animated, and could not nor can any more 'doubt of his faithfulneſs, than I can of his 'love, which, for ever be adored his name, 'I cannot poſſibly do, whilſt daily experienc-'ing ſuch an uninterrupted flow of his good-'neſs.—Oh, my *dear Friend*, it is *all love*, 'nothing but divine love, making me from 'the ground of my heart to ſay, who would 'not praiſe thee, thou Prince of Peace, who 'would not,—who can avoid loving, adoring, 'and admiring thee!—none that do but *know* '*thee*, thou King of Saints, thou bleſſed ſource 'of happineſs, *my God, my all.*—I could for 'ever dwell on theſe words.—Heaven is con-'tained in *my God, my all.* It is what both 'Saints and Angels enjoy, and this muſt be 'their never-ceaſing language, *thou art my God,* '*thou art my all.*

'Thus, my dear Chriſtian Friend, you have, 'praiſed be its divine Author, an imperfect 'account of a *true Converſion*; and would you 'be informed of the worth of this ſaving faith 'in my ſoul, the *Bible* can much better give 'it than my pen. There you may read a mul-'titude of divine promiſes, *made mine, by the* '*application of the Holy Spirit*; and this gives 'me an humble boldneſs, mixed with ſacred 'delight, in entering the preſence chamber, '(the temple of my own heart) where I al-'ways find a gracious audience. There, I am 'ſometimes permitted the honour of ſeeing my

'divine

'divine Saviour in *his dyed garments*, ſome-
'times in his *prieſtly*, and ſometimes in his
'*prophetic* office, to teach and guide, and at
'other times as my *King*, to rule and govern.
'I have none to aſk counſel of, *with certainty*,
'but him; none to teach and guide, but him;
'and having now experienced the bleſſedneſs
'of being under the direction of ſo *infallible a*
'*Guide*, I would not change my happy choice
'for millions of worlds.—The ſenſe of ſuch
'experience often makes me, almoſt in a *tranſ-*
'*port* of love and gratitude, cry out, *Oh* GOD,
'*thou art my* GOD; at the ſame time I take
'pleaſure in aſſuring you, that of all GOD's
'creatures, I am certainly the moſt unworthy
'of ſuch divine favors, or of ſo much as ſtiling
'myſelf

'Your faithful and affectionate friend,

'R. S.'

'P. S.—When you find an inclination for
'poetry, read the following:—

'Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
'Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
'They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
'Tho' tranſports are denied.'

No. X.

29 *June*, 1764.

'I humbly hope you will be comforted on 'hearing of the faith, by which it pleaſeth 'God, in mercy, to ſupport me. He know-'eth how to make rivers flow in the deſert, 'for refreſhing the dry ground. Now, what 'ſaith the *inward Speaker*, what does this di-'vine and *ſecret ſtill voice* ſay?—*This is the 'way, walk in it.*—Aye, with a powerful voice 'too, does he ſpeak it.—My deareſt LORD, 'whatever be thy commands, let me obey, 'without reluctance; tho' the fleſh be unwil-'ling, and too, too often ſhrinks, yet let this 'ſpirit of mine be ſweetly led, influenced by, 'and made willing to follow thee, oh thou 'Lamb of GOD, whereſoever thou leadeſt. 'Behold my ſighs and my tears, often poured 'forth in great abundance before thee, for they 'and their frequency, can witneſs, that they 'have been often ſhed under the deepeſt ſorrow 'and compunction of ſoul, that after all the in-'finite pains thou haſt taken, I am yet at ſuch 'a diſtance from thee! *Dear* LORD, pity a 'child of thine, whom thy love teacheth to 'call herſelf thine; pity, adorable JESUS, pity 'my ſorrows, and take me in an eſpecial man-'ner under the ſweet *guidance of thy Holy Spi-'rit*. Let me be fed and nouriſhed by thee 'alone, for I daily feel, that thou (by a hand 'moſt *graciouſly ſevere*) art looſing me from all 'creature good, that my heart might daily take

'its

'its flight to Heaven, and fix, ſolely fix on 'thee, the alone center of true happineſs. 'For thou art the reſt of every believing ſoul, 'whom to love is in ſome ſort to enjoy, and 'to long and pant after, is to be made more 'and more capable of, more and greater *com-* 'munications from thee. Oh my GOD! if I 'do not love thee, what means this earneſt 'deſire?—Therefore, O LORD, accept my 'thank-offering, and ſtill *operate* by thy love, '*in my ſoul*, until it is filled with all thy 'fulneſs.

'R. S.'

No. XI.

In Anſwer to a Queſtion.

14 *February*, 1768.

'I do not feel the leaſt inclination to change, 'for any other, my outward form of worſhip 'in the *Church of England*, having already in '*poſſeſſion*, a degree of that *good*, which of it- 'ſelf is able to ſatisfy all the large deſires of 'my ſoul, conſequently of affording *entire hap-* 'pineſs.—What need then of further ſearch 'after it, ſince the *ſource* whence 'tis derived, 'is *every where preſent—in him I live, and* 'move, *and have my being:* And reſpecting the 'ſtate of my own mind, it is no longer *Lo* '*here, or lo there is* CHRIST; and in my ap- 'prehenſion his manifeſtation, or appearance 'and preſence in and to the ſoul, is not con-

'fined to the cloſet, or even excluded from the 'deſart: In ſhort, every truly *deſirous, hungry* '*ſoul, is certain* to meet with our adorable JESUS '*every where*, and under whatever outward 'form of worſhip it is ſecretly led to ſeek this 'infinite, all-ſatisfying good;—I mean, to be 'made *partaker* of his divine nature; and be 'aſſured, he is no reſpecter of perſons,—*they* '*that ſeek ſhall find*. This being the dictates 'and ſentiments of my heart, kind Friend! 'I can truly ſay, my love and charity to all 'and every of the children of my dear heavenly 'Father, (that is all mankind) is really and 'truly *unlimitted*; and ſince I have *indeed*, my-'ſelf, *felt* and *taſted*, how very gracious the 'LORD is, and in *what* the true *ſpiritual wor-*'*ſhip* doth conſiſt; ſo far is this from leading 'me to alter and change, or to ſeek new paths 'for my feet, that it rather occaſions an holy 'jealouſy over myſelf, (not being ignorant of 'Satan's devices) leſt any thing from within 'or from without, ſhould rob me of the *glo-*'*rious liberty*, to be enjoyed in the Goſpel of 'JESUS CHRIST. And believe me, my faith-'ful Friend, there is ſo much of *reality* in 'what I have now written, that I would not 'be deprived of its *continual poſſeſſion* for all 'the riches in the univerſe, nor of the thank-'fulneſs I now feel in the mentioning it;—'hoping, aye believing, enough hath been 'ſaid fully to ſatisfy you concerning this 'matter.

I am, &c.

'R. S.'

In

In the year 1771, R. S. experienced a trial, the moſt ſevere and the moſt *memorable* of any during her pilgrimage; this may properly be termed *the latter part of her life*, tho' nearly 19 years previous to her death: She was then, to the aſtoniſhment of all her friends, diſmiſs'd from her Huſband, with an allowance of *Sixty Pounds a year*;—the time when, is given me by a friend in theſe words,—"*it was on Sunday evening the 16th day of June*, 1771." Never was any crime alledg'd againſt her, but that of obeying the *precepts of the Goſpel*, and giving herſelf up to be led and guided by *the Spirit of* CHRIST,—charg'd with no irregularity as to her connections and conduct even in this reſpect; for ſhe never joined any religious community, after a full approbation from her Huſband for uniting with the Eſtabliſhment. —With no neglect of her family concerns, for they were always conducted with the greateſt œconomy; ſhe did not even accuſtom herſelf to introduce the ſubject of religion, knowing it to be diſagreeable; and ſuch was her diſcretion, that during our intimacy and frequent intercourſe, ſhe was ſilent reſpecting any domeſtic trouble or uneaſineſs, tho' from obſervation and an impreſſion on my own mind, I could not avoid ſuſpecting ſhe had been for *ſeveral years* under ſome kind of preſſure and ſingular *weighty affliction*, tho' no explanation of it, until the very day of ſeperation, and after it had taken place; and even then every precaution were taken on her part, for concealing the leaſt blemiſh in him, with whom

ſhe

ſhe had lived nineteen years, a moſt faithful, tender, and obedient wife, never offending, except only in the article of *Religion*; and during nineteen years, (or nearly) ſhe afterwards liv'd ſeperate. She was never heard to name her Huſband, but in terms of the utmoſt affection and regard, nor would even bear to hear him mentioned with diſreſpect, by any other perſon. Should the reader enquire,—was this breach occaſion'd *only* by her ſerving the GOD, *whom Daniel worſhip'd?*—Did no *creature love ſteal between, and alienate* her Huſband's affections?—Let ſuch enquirer ſuffer a veil to be drawn, deplore the depravity of human nature, and hear the language of this ſervant of the Moſt High, upon tenderly touching the ſubject, when writing a very few weeks after her ſeperation;—*I have conſecrated*, ſaid ſhe, *the whole to ſilence; my main, my principal deſire is, my Huſband's happineſs; for divine Grace hath kept my mind from feeling any unbecoming reſentment: And as to Miſs ——. ſo far from any emotions of reſentment towards her, my heart doth yearn for her higheſt good; it is enough that my record is on high; my conſolation and my joy is, to be ſeen and approv'd of* GOD. *I experienced his preſence going with me; and when I was leaving every thing that was dear here below, I felt, I taſted, I was following thee, oh my Saviour! and thy ſmall ſtill voice, at the very ſame inſtant, ſaid, it is great glory to follow* GOD; *and to receive from him is long life.* THIS WAS NO DELUSION: *It was too powerfully manifeſted to my heart, to admit of a ſingle*

ſingle doubt.—She added,—I am nevertheleſs not without feeling my ſituation, to be that of a deſolate widow, under affliction.

Any further particulars, might tend merely for indulging *curioſity*, and be of no real uſe to the reader.—The *Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed*: Therefore I proceed to obſerve, I was no leſs ſurpriſed than affected, at the unexpected ſituation of ſo worthy a woman; and for whom I felt the tendereſt regard. My heart yearn'd over her, I made her an offer, and on the evening of ſeperation ſhe commenced a boarder in my houſe, tho' with much regret compell'd to part with her in 12 months afterwards, my family being encreaſed, and having only a ſmall habitation.—She was now become acquainted with divers religious perſons, freely converſing with ſuch of every denomination; and thoſe who knew *the life of God in the ſoul*, felt an union with her ſpirit, to whom ſhe often adminiſtered conſolation and inſtruction; —but it is to be remark'd, the ground and foundation of all her friendſhips, was the *diſintereſted* love of GOD.—She was ſingular for *ſympathy* in diſtreſs, and whoſoever might have been the object, ſhe was aſſiduouſly attentive whilſt the diſtreſs continued; but upon affording every aſſiſtance in her power, and it was either remov'd or reliev'd, *her buſineſs was done*;—all further correſpondence ceas'd;—an evident proof of deſiring to do good for the ſake of *good alone*.—To the poor ſhe was a conſtant

conſtant Friend, both ſpiritual and temporal. —She viſited the *Priſon*, and frequently thoſe under ſentence of death, and to ſuch ſhe felt a ſympathetic anxiety for their eternal ſafety; and hath been known to ſpend great part of ſeveral nights with them, in company with other perſons of piety.

She regularly attended *St. Peter's Hoſpital*, one day in every week, where the children had her particular attention. They feared and loved her.—The ſick, both here and elſewhere ſhe alſo viſited; and attended in their laſt moments, bleſſed with the comfort of ſeeing ſuch labors of love crowned with ſucceſs, by the peaceful departure of many.—Her income being narrow, and her deſire of doing good, extenſive, ſhe prevailed on her particular friends to procure and furniſh her with *plain-work*; and being a neat and quick work-woman, wrought much in this way, during ſeveral years, and ſo long as her ſtrength and health would permit; whereby ſhe was enabled to relieve the wants of many. But this employment, as well as her good deeds, were all effected with *ſecrecy*.

Divers religious perſons of different perſuaſions, made propoſals, and would gladly have taken her into their houſes, without gratuity; but her inward director led her in the path of continual ſacrifice, prayer, and watchfulneſs; and ſhe always with meekneſs and much of ſweetneſs in her manner, declined ſuch propoſals.

poſals.—But ſo apt was cenſure and miſ-judging to ariſe, in breaſts that knew not the motives and ſecret ſprings of her actions, that even ſome *profeſſors* were weak enough to imagine, ſhe made croſſes for herſelf.—It is well if ſuch were acquainted with that hidden life, of which ſhe ſo largely partook, even that life which is *hid with Chriſt in God*; and which was more than a compenſation to her, for all earthly comforts; deeming it a particular *privilege*, on all occaſions, to rely upon GOD her Redeemer, and by his ſupport, take up her daily croſs, and ſimply follow him.

When viſited by her Friends, ſhe was always found cheerful, without complaints, full of love, peace, and joy; and her conſtant advice was, to look unto JESUS as an *ever-preſent* and *inward Saviour*; not expecting to find him in any *outward* form or mode whatever, but only and ſolely *within their own hearts*, the Temple wherein he delighteth to dwell; and that this was the place where he would direct, guide, and inſtruct them.—Her heart frequently overflowed with the love of GOD, at which ſeaſons, ſhe would ſpeak with amazing fluency, and with ſuch divine power accompanying it, as to carry conviction, and bleſſed be GOD, was the means of real converſion to many.

When call'd upon to vindicate the cauſe of him whom ſhe loved, it was with aſtoniſhing power; and was any thing ſaid, that tended to rob GOD of his glory, ſhe was always

favor'd with matter and expreſſion, that her adverſaries were unable to gainſay.—Her aim and drift was ever to ſet forth *the all of God*, and nothingneſs of the creature; not from ſpeculative, head knowledge, but from a *birth of the divine life in her own ſoul.* And to thoſe that were under difficulties, ſhe would ſay, *ſit like Mary, at the feet of Jeſus*, but look for him *within, and he will guide and deliver out of every ſin and difficulty.* Many, very many, can teſtify of the ſpiritual benefit received under ſuch advice.

From the time of her ſeperation, ſhe very ſeldom viſited any of her Friends, meerly for *the ſake of viſiting*; and at length wholly declined ſuch kind of viſits; bearing, without any human alleviation, all the inconveniences attending her ſituation.—Once at a Friend's houſe, ſhe took up a Bible,—and after her departure, was obſerved, a pin left ſtuck againſt 1 Tim. v. 5,—*Now ſhe that is a widow indeed, and deſolate*, TRUSTETH IN GOD, &c. without doubt intimating, that theſe words were applicable to herſelf.

After the firſt 12 months, there appeared to be the ſecret hand of Providence in her being obliged to remove from and to *a variety* of lodgings, until the laſt 6 or 7 years of her life; giving an opportunity of converſing with perſons of various diſpoſitions and tempers, and no doubt with gracious deſigns towards them; but notwithſtanding the ſweetneſs of her natural

tural diſpoſition, attempered with grace, rendering her life and converſation truly *angelic*, the enmity of fallen nature was ſo extremely ſtubborn in ſome perſons where ſhe reſided, that with all her labour and prayers, ſhe never could gain them; there were ſome that even traduced her character—and did not her Divine Maſter experience the ſame?—But, bleſſed be GOD, there were others where her lot had fallen, obſerving her chaſte converſation coupled with fear, that became real converts to JESUS CHRIST, and to whom her name remains precious.

Her laſt remove was to an apartment in a ſmall tenement in *Horſfield-lane*, leading to *Kingsdown*; this, ſhe often ſaid, was a place prepared for her by her heavenly Father; call'd it her *Bethel, the Houſe of God, her gate to Heaven*; here ſhe reſided upwards of 6 years, and from thence departed to *eternal reſt*.—It was to this habitation I often repaired, when under ſome peculiar afflicting diſpenſations, where her ſympathiſing boſom was like an aſſylum. Here I experienced many conſolations and divine refreſhments, even ſuch as enabled me to go on my way rejoicing. Oh that every ſoul would taſte and ſee for himſelf how good is the LORD.—*Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of the natural man to conceive, the good things that God hath in ſtore for them that love him.*

It now may be ſaid, without offending my dear Friend R. S. that I never convers'd with a mind ſo *purified*; her ſpirit ſeem'd to be all *light* and *love*; it truly ſeem'd like *Heaven open'd on earth*; and tho' ſhe herſelf was under great bodily ſuffering, yet was cheerful, deeming it the appointed means for taking her home. During the laſt 4 years and 3 months, ſhe was entirely confined to the houſe; but whenever I ſaw her, her mind was preſerv'd in an heavenly frame. Very few days paſs'd without my ſending to, or hearing from her. But when her malady had encreaſed to a high degree, and 'twas difficult for her to *ſpeak louder than a whiſper*, ſhe found it needful to exclude her religious friends, at leaſt by ſeeing them very ſeldom; and at length, with her uſual gentleneſs, ſhe entreated them *wholly* to forbear any further viſits; which accounts for my not ſeeing her upwards of 2 years previous to her laſt illneſs.—This occaſion'd ſome perſons (without due reflexion) entertaining hard thoughts reſpecting her conduct in this particular:—But it may with truth be ſaid, (had it not been the caſe long before) that during ſome few of the *laſt* years of her pilgrimage, ſhe was *wholly* and *ſolely* given up to the *operation, aſſiſtance* and *guidance* of her inviſible divine Redeemer, having not a wiſh (reſpecting ſpirituals) for help or comfort from any *external* means whatever;—ſilence, and inward communion with her *ever-preſent Friend*, being her ſole delight and comfort: For ſhe had a *hope, as an anchor of the ſoul, both ſure and ſtedfaſt*,

ſtedfaſt, that entereth within the veil, whither her fore-runner, even Jeſus, is entered; and with whom ſhe is now *eternally bleſſed.*

The following are Extracts from ſome few Letters, with which her Chriſtian Friends were favored after her ſeperation.

The *Seal* to her letters impreſs'd with a DOVE; the *Motto*, LOVE and PEACE.

No. I.

*Without date.**

'Poor R. S. *a priſoner in bonds*, for the truth 'ſake, ſaluteth *her own child* in the ſame 'common faith, of our dear LORD JESUS; 'wiſhing grace, mercy, and peace, may be 'multiplied in the hearts of my two dear 'Chriſtian Friends; that their hearts being 'knit together in love, with mine, we may 'each abound more and more, in every grace; 'to the praiſe and glory of him, who hath 'called us to glory and virtue.

'Dear Siſters, loving Diſciples, fellow Sol-'diers, and dear Companions in the kingdom 'of Patience and Tribulation of our dear LORD 'JESUS; my earneſt deſire for us all, is, that 'whether I am favor'd with ſeeing you ſo fre-'quently as I could wiſh, or otherwiſe, each 'of

* This Letter was directed to one, but meant and intended for two Perſons; and was probably written *before* the ſeperation.

'of us may have abundant cauſe for rejoicing;
'that in ſimplicity and godly ſincerity, we
'have our converſation in this preſent world;
'*remembering*, that it is the very *ground* and
'*crown* of all our rejoicing in CHRIST JESUS,
'that as *he was, ſo muſt we be*, in this our ſtate
'of trial and probation; and if there be any
'other bleſſing, greater than this, be aſſured
'it is my deſire, that it may alſo be given to
'each of us.—I have but expreſs'd only a lit-
'tle of that love, which wanteth ſome way or
'other to convey itſelf into your hearts.—I
'bid farewell, until we fare beſt of all for ever.
'—Believe me your loving

'R. S.'

No. II.

Horſe-Street, 6 *Aug.* 1771.

'— GOD is *love*, my *dear Friend*, and how
'much my heart feels of this divine affection,
'to you, he can tell, to whom I would in all
'things, be *reſigned*.—Don't think, my *dear*
'*Friend*, becauſe you are abſent, I am the
'leſs preſent with you;—no; I am, notwith-
'ſtanding, moſt intimately preſent with you.
'I joy and rejoice, *internally* beholding your
'chaſte converſation, coupled with fear; and
'my prayer to the GOD of my life is, that he
'may continue to bleſs you with all ſpiritual
'bleſſings, in heavenly things, in CHRIST
'JESUS.—As to my own health, thro' infinite
'favor, I have reaſon to hope it mends. But

'howſoever

'howſoever that be, *I know*, that I enjoy a 'ſweet ſatisfaction *in believing*; my health is 'ſuch as infinite wiſdom ſees beſt; therefore 'all is well indeed.

'I muſt tell you ſome of the pleaſure I poſ-'ſeſs under the roof of my preſent habitation, 'together with ſome of the refreſhings, experi-'enced from a ſweet expreſſive ſcripture ſen-'tence, which meets my daily path—

'R. S.'

The *remainder obliterated.*

No. III.

Without date.

'My ſincere deſires are for the advancement 'of my *dear Friend* in every chriſtian grace 'and virtue, that with unremitted ardor ſhe may 'purſue the path that leads to glory and im-'mortality; that nothing earthly, and unwor-'thy of an immortal mind, may prove an hin-'drance; but that conſtantly eying him, who 'is *inviſible*, ſhe may ſo paſs through things 'temporal, as not to loſe thoſe eternal:— 'Theſe are likewiſe the earneſt breathings of 'my ſoul, not only for my *dear Friend*, but 'for myſelf, and for the whole Iſrael of God. 'Methinks, words are ſwallow'd up, when 'we attempt to ſpeak of the things of the *Spirit*, 'which the mind, at ſeaſons, through infinite

'mercy,

'mercy, diſcerneth, when *revealed* by the ſelf-
'ſame Spirit, even the deep things of GOD;
'and even to make them *known* to ſuch babes
'as we are.—Oh my *dear Friend*, let us lay
'ourſelves exceeding low, at the feet of our
'divine Immanuel, who is *indeed* GOD, *mani-*
'*feſted in our fleſh*; and who will teach us all
'things pertaining to life and godlineſs.—He
'is *our way—our truth*—and *our life*; and if
'we commit our ſouls to his divine keeping,
'he will both *nurture* and *teach*.—He is a
'*Shepherd*; and we ſhall be able to ſay, did
'ever any *ſpeak like him*.—Oh, may we ever
'liſten to his voice, and *follow* this *true light*
'*of the world*, whither ſoever he leadeth.—
'This proceeds from love unfeigned to my
'*dear Friend*, and am, &c.

'R. S.'

No. IV.

Without date.

'For the comfortleſs ſake of the needy, I
'will ariſe, ſaith the LORD, that the man of
'the earth may no more oppreſs—theſe words
'were applied as ſoon as I had read the plain-
'tive note of our much exerciſed Friend; for
'whom I breathe to Heaven, that he may be
'kept as the *paſſive clay* in the hand of the
'divine Potter, who will in due ſeaſon, *if we*
'*endure as ſeeing him that is inviſible*, make us
'veſſels of ſanctification, fitted by ſuch painful
'*refinings*, for the Maſter's uſe.—How ſtrong

'this

'this deſire is, both for myſelf and our Friend, 'is more than words can expreſs—Suffice to 'ſay, that I believe by *one moment* under ſuf- 'fering, endured with *ſilent ſubmiſſion* to the 'divine will, we are more benefited, than by 'a thouſand efforts of our own: I aſſure you 'this is ſpoken from deep *heart-felt* experi- 'ence.—Tell our Friend not to be *diſcourag'd*, 'if under ſuch *ſubmiſſion*, not the leaſt *comfort* 'is felt; for I apprehend, that the more we 'are deprived of all *ſenſible* evidence, the more 'perfect is that *Faith*, which relies upon him 'that is inviſible. I am with ſincere ſym- 'pathy

'An unworthy diſciple of JESUS CHRIST,

'R. S.'

No. V.

Without date.

'I wiſh my dear Mrs. —— to acquaint our 'Friend, that I am perſuaded, it is no leſs 'than a divine *operation* on his heart, whereby 'he is ſo deeply convinced of his fallen ſtate; 'I rejoice with Angels and glorified Spirits, 'and congratulate him whom the LORD doth 'and will bleſs, by enriching him with the 'graces of his Holy Spirit—I have but one 'ſolicitude concerning him, and that is, that 'he may truly *ſubmit* to that divine precept we 'find on record—*Be ſtill and know that I am*

'God. It is of the utmoſt conſequence, that 'we *ſilently attend* to the ſecret whiſpers of 'that voice which ſpeaks *in the deep of our 'hearts*, and when attended to (in due time) 'ſpeaks ineffable *peace*—It puts to ſilence all 'other voices, howſoever pleaſing they may 'appear to our corrupted nature. I entreat 'and beſeech, that he would fear nothing ſo 'much as the *not liſtening to this heavenly voice:* 'Indeed it is and will be *a lamp to our path 'and a light to our feet*; take the unworthy 'teſtimony of one who hath *proved* the truth 'of what ſhe affirms, and is ready to atteſt it '(by divine help) before Men and Angels; 'therefore let me as one that hath found 'mercy, entreat that he will hearken to, and 'follow *no other*, than that voice; I mean, 'the voice of him who ſpeaketh *from Heaven*, 'who is, and whoever muſt be, *the leader and 'guide of ſouls.*

'R. S.'

No. VI.

Without date.

'My dear Mrs. —— can you tell, or can 'our Friend give the information, why this 'divine ſentence is often applied to my mind? '*This cup is the New Teſtament in my blood, as 'oft as ye drink it, do this in remembrance of me.* '—Are you, my Friends, in that highly fa-'vor'd ſituation, partaking of this cup of bleſ-'ſing, in fellowſhip with him who is our liv-

'ing

'ing head, and with me your unworthy com-
'panion? If ſo, then permit me to addreſs you
'in the ſweet language that divine love ſilently
'ſpeaks in my heart;—drink, oh beloved, yea
'drink abundantly of this cup, our dear hea-
'venly Father hath ſo richly filled with his
'goodneſs and love.

'R. S.'

No. VII.

Without date.

'I have now to acquaint my *dear Friend*,
'that I am much mended.—I think my com-
'plaint ſeems to be extreme weakneſs.—How-
'ever, I truſt it all helps, through divine
'grace, to bring forth *reſignation* and *patience*;
'I would by any means, be a proficient there-
'in.—My pleaſing ſolitude (intending to keep
'my room this day) affords an opportunity of
'converſing in *ſilence*, with you my beloved
'abſent Friend, whoſe undeſerving notice of
'me, calls for every ſentiment of gratitude,
'to the bleſſed Author of every good gift.—It
'raiſes in my breaſt moſt ardent deſires, that
'the Father of all mercies, will be pleaſed to
'bleſs abundantly the kind Friends (you and
'your Huſband) under whoſe roof I have re-
'ceived ſo many marks of chriſtian kindneſs,
'the remembrance whereof, I truſt, will never
'be effaced from the mind of

'R. S.'

No. VIII.

On viſiting a poor woman at St. Peter's Hoſpital.

Without date.

'Oh, my *dear Friend*, who can deſcribe 'what my feelings were, when I looked on 'the poor woman laſt night at the *Hoſpital?* '—She ſaid with tears, *ſhe could not pray.*— 'Now did I wiſh for my *dear Friend* to have 'been a witneſs to what then paſſed; and how 'has my mind, ſince been favor'd to feel the 'moſt ardent deſires, that it might prove the 'day, in which divine grace and love may 'effectually reach the mind of this poor 'ſtranger.—Perhaps, my *dear Friend*, on this 'intimation, may find ſuch drawings towards 'this poor woman, as to encline to ſee her 'ſoon, and thereby find the application of 'theſe words—"Verily in as much as ye did "it to one of the leaſt of theſe my brethren, "ye did it unto me."

'R. S.'

N. B. A work of *real* converſion afterwards appeared; and this poor woman *died happy*.

No. IX.

On finding another habitation.

Without date.

'It would be ingratitude not to acquaint 'my *dear Friend*, that before I could reach

'the

'the place of my preſent peaceful abode, the 'hand of my compaſſionate heavenly Father 'led me to the *very door*, where it is his will 'now to place me.—Here I found every thing 'concur to teſtify, its not only being per-'fectly pleaſing to my dear heavenly Father, 'but alſo perfectly agreeable to every wiſh of 'my heart; in reſpect of its ſuitableneſs to my 'preſent humiliating ſituation.—Thus was I 'ſent home, with joy and thankſgiving, ac-'companied with peace and inward tranquility, 'together with a ſecret whiſper, *make it ſure 'as ſoon as you can*:—This I did immediately.

'R. S.'

No. X.

Without date.

'Were I ſilent, the very ſtones might con-'vey my ingratitude.—I no ſooner gave B. 'your preſent, than the bleſſed Spirit, like a 'Dove, ſeemed to cover her mind;—we both 'remained ſome time ſilent; then taking my 'leave, I receiv'd, a few hours after, from her, 'a ſweet little book, which (as ſhe cannot 'write) was ſent to tell me, by marking ſeve-'ral parts in it, by ſticking of pins, of the 'ſtate of her mind; of which I was as certain 'as if I had ſeen her thoughts.—How did I 'weep and praiſe my heavenly Father, for the 'wonders he doth for the children of men; 'and turning towards you, my *dear Friend*

'(tho'

'(tho' abſent in body) theſe words came with 'ſuch power into my mind, that language 'cannot expreſs—" Ride on,--good luck have "thou with thine honour, becauſe of meek-"neſs, truth, and righteouſneſs:—Thy right "hand ſhall teach thee terrible things."

'I can only add, I am, &c.

'R. S.'

No. XI.

Without date.

'Notwithſtanding all the difficulties at-'tending,—how ſweet, my *dear Friend*, is 'the path of duty; and how true is it, that as 'afflictions do abound, ſo do conſolations in 'CHRIST JESUS.—It is no longer held at a 'diſtance, but it is *taſted* and *felt*.—This was 'really experienced at my dear afflicted Friend's 'houſe, that I viſited this day, whoſe eyes were 'full of tears, and her heart with real grati-'tude.—Now, my *dear Friend*, let us gird up 'the loins of our mind, and proceed ſtrait on, 'in the path that leads to victory, liberty, and 'a crown; remembering both the Author and 'Finiſher of our Faith; to whoſe care and 'divine protection I commit my moſt dear 'Friend H. together with you, my own dear 'child S. Y. *dear* in the beſt of bonds.

'R. S.'

No.

No. XII.

October 6, 1786.

'The conſolation my mind received in read-
'ing *Madam Guion's Short and Eaſy Method of*
'*Prayer*, is too ſacred to be put in words:—
'But it cauſes thankfulneſs to my dear heavenly
'Father. Adieu.

'R. S.'

No. XIII.

26 *December*, 1787.

'I am conſtrained in the language of the
'afflicted Pſalmiſt to ſay,

"Thy *mercy* like a flowing tide,
"Hath all thy ſervants wants ſupplied."

'And with the poor widow, mentioned by
'Timothy, to make my imperfect ſupplica-
'tions, night and day, to the Father of all
'mercies, and the GOD of all conſolation.
'Adieu.

'R. S.'

No. XIV.

24 *December*, 1788.

'Adored be his name, that opens a view of
'ineffable light;—light, that ſurpaſſeth the
'brightneſs

'brightneſs of the Sun, in its meridian glory. '—Oh, my good Friend! the views of Eter-'nity are inexpreſſibly pleaſing.—There I ſhall 'be cloathed in the wedding garment, and 'ſing Hoſannahs, powerful Hoſannahs, to the 'King of Peace, whoſe kingdom hath no end. '—The water that hath lately appeared in 'my ſtomach, is a ſummons of importance. 'Pray to him that ruleth all things well, that 'I may ſtill experience his help and ſupport. 'Adieu.

'R. S.'

No. XV.

In anſwer to a requeſt that a Phyſician might be conſulted.

26 *December*, 1788.

'I am exceedingly obliged, by the kind 'propoſal, for alleviating my bodily malady. '—But I am not favor'd with any clearneſs '(or liberty) on that head; indeed I believe 'that every thing that can be done, has al-'ready been done. Should I however, find a 'freedom in my mind, be aſſured I will com-'ply; therefore I hope my dear Friends, will 'make themſelves eaſy, as I can truly ſay, my '*dear Saviour is near, and ſweetens every bitter* '*potion*.

'Favor me with your petitions for *reſigna-'tion*, to every diſpenſation of his divine wiſ-'dom and Providence. Adieu.

'R. S.'

From what has been related at the beginning of this Narrative, and from the contents of the ſeveral Letters written by herſelf, it appears that R. S. experienced a ſingular divine work in her *infancy*; and that, notwithſtanding, in the courſe of her youth afterwards, it became obſcured; yet that ſhe was bleſſed with *great grace* in *early life*; that at the age of 30, or thereabout, a *deep* regenerating work commenced, was graciouſly carried on, under various diſpenſations, and through much tribulation, finally compleated; and that it may truly be affirmed, ſhe paſſed through a *refining* proceſs, and with Job, could ſay, *when he hath tried me, I ſhall come forth as gold.*

This muſt be more or leſs the experience of *every ſoul* that enters glory, ſtanding as ſhe did, on the only ſure foundation, CHRIST JESUS the LORD, the *only ſolid* ſupport in diſtreſs;—every other being as a broken reed or a building on the ſand.—This foundation, and this regenerating proceſs, enabled her to declare when near her diſſolution,—*I have nothing now to do, but paſs through the painful paſſage,—the valley and ſhadow of death.*—Happy, happy ſoul, thou didſt not build upon *ſpeculative opinions*, but on real, *ſubſtantial Faith*, deriving thereby a divine nature, from its true ſource, CHRIST JESUS, the Author and Finiſher of thy *Faith!*

And here Reader, thou haſt had a ſketch,—the outlines of a *Chriſtian*, not in name and

appearance *only*, but in *reality* and *truth*. The Graces with which her ſoul were repleniſh'd, cannot be deſcribed and apprehended to and by the moſt acute underſtanding, whilſt in a ſtate of nature: They can be deſcribed and diſcerned, or conceiv'd only to and by thoſe that are *ſpiritual*; and do *themſelves experience* the ſame divine life and nature:—But it may truly be ſaid, (as the Queen of *Sheba* ſaid of *Solomon*) that not only the one half, but that not a thouſandth part of what ſhe poſſeſs'd, hath been declar'd—For ſhe largely partook both of the *Spirit* and the *Riches of him*, who is far greater than *Solomon* was in all his glory.

My ſincere wiſh, both for the reader and myſelf is, that we may *hunger* and *thirſt*, ſtrive and attain, as dear R. S. hath done, ever remembering, this experimental, ſcriptural truth, that it is through *much tribulation we enter into glory*;—*that we muſt mourn before we can be comforted.—If we would be Chriſt's diſciples, we muſt deny ourſelves, and take up the croſs and follow him—the world muſt be crucified unto us, and we unto the world. If we would receive an eternal weight of glory, we muſt have our ſhare of thoſe light afflictions, which are but for a moment.—If we would taſte the peaceful fruits of righteouſneſs, we muſt be exerciſed by thoſe chaſtenings, which for the preſent are not joyous but grievous.—Sorrows, anxieties, diſtreſſes, and afflictions, inward ſtruggles and outward trials, are all expedient.*—For let us remark and well obſerve,

obſerve, *that the ſeed of the incorruptible word, lies buried in the earthly heart, until* GOD, *by his Holy Spirit* (thro' the methods his wiſdom appoints) ſhakes the heart to its very *center.* —By ſuch means *this ſeed is called forth into a birth,—a real life and manifeſtation.—The fruits of regeneration, are the only certain marks by which it can be known*; and wherever the *fruits of love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, faith, meekneſs, temperance, are viſible, there undoubtedly the Spirit of* GOD *hath renewed or began its regenerating work.*

Oh that unthinking mortals, devoted to earthly pleaſure, *could but conceive an idea of thoſe ſublime joys, which the regenerate experience;—that delightful intercourſe with Heaven, which is opened to them in prayer,—that ineffable view that breaks in upon the eye of Faith—that refined entertainment which they enjoy in their retired moments.—Could they have the leaſt idea of ſuch delights, ſhame and confuſion would be felt, on a retroſpect of thoſe falſe unprofitable pleaſures* to which they have unhappily devoted their *immortal ſpirits.*—They *would then be convinced, they have been ſpending their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which ſatisfieth not.*

I ſhall now only relate one circumſtance, that was omitted in the account firſt committed to writing, and with which account this extraordinary character concludes;—namely, that a day or two preceding the death of R. S. ſhe ſaid,

I have been a faithful wife,—I have been a faithful wife,—many times repeating the ſame words —and then ſaid,—*That is now my comfort.*

Proceed we now to ſome particulars of the laſt ſolemn ſcene,—the cloſe of her precious life.

Having been favored with attending my dear Friend R. S. in her laſt moments, I committed to writing ſome *few* of thoſe comfortable expreſſions which then flow'd from her mouth, as well for a pleaſing *Memorial* to myſelf, as in hope they might afford encouragement and conſolation to my fellow travellers *Zion-ward*; at leaſt, I am fully confident, the following ſhort detail, containeth *Facts*, that undeniably diſcover *an inſtance* of the wonderful *power of religion, when ſeated in the heart.*

On the 24th day of the 4th month, (April) 1790, in the morning, *Nancy Edkins* call'd to acquaint me of the alarming ſituation of our valuable dear Friend.—Obſerving that ſhe had then been two days in violent pain in her bowels, unable to lie down, attended with an entire obſtruction of the paſſages; and that ſhe had been ſat up with the two preceding nights. —I had been prevented ſeeing her for upwards of two years; but now I went to her immediately, and found her, to my great ſurprize, very much alter'd; her body, from an increaſe of her diſorder, a dropſy; of aſtoniſhing bulk; her face and hands exceedingly emaciated.

She

She ſaid to me, *I have a comfortable hope that this will prove my laſt illneſs; theſe words have follow'd me for ſome weeks—What thou doeſt, do quickly—I have a baptiſm to be baptiſed with, and how am I ſtreightened until it be accompliſh'd.—and ſaid, ſhe had nothing now to do, but to paſs through the painful paſſage.*—I ſat up with her that night, during which ſhe experienced violent pain, the ſtoppage continuing, and not any thing ſhe took, had the leaſt effect for removing it; notwithſtanding which, her mind was preſerved in great tranquility, and in a ſtate of conſtant prayer, frequently breaking out in the following expreſſions—*Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.—It is all heavenly love, heavenly goodneſs.*

The 25th, Nothing remarkable.

The 26th. The ſame ſymptoms and violent pain continued, with her mind preſerv'd in perfect calmneſs, conſtantly expreſſing her confidence in GOD; and with *a ſweet voice* ſhe ſaid,

O! may I always ready ſtand
With my lamp burning in my hand:
May I, in ſight of Heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

And added, *O! when will the happy moment come, that I ſhall hear the bleſſed voice?* She often ſaid, as we were ſitting around her, *Here is peace indeed! Heavenly peace! What a favor,*

to

to have a peaceful end! I am like Job, encreaſed in my latter end.

The 27th. The night preceding, ſhe ſuffered much from a violent vomiting of putrid matter, which did not ceaſe five minutes together, until ſix o'clock this morning.—She then deſired *Nancy* to put on her cap, and waſh her hands and face; and ſaid, then *let us breakfaſt together*:—We accordingly had a moſt comfortable breakfaſt; and I could not avoid remarking, there was ſomething joyous amongſt us, and about the room, inſomuch that I ſaid, *it ſeems to feel as if we were going to a wedding.* I never remember her look more cheerful; her countenance exceedingly animated, and her eyes ſparkling with joy; and continued converſing with us in the ſame ſweet frame of mind, until twelve at noon, with *the freedom of a ſpirit releaſed of all its burthens:* Nothing but heavenly love and heavenly joy: In ſhort, it ſeemed to be a degree of rapturous enjoyment, ſuchas language cannot expreſs, and a foretaſte of that happineſs ſhe was ſoon compleatly to poſſeſs.—She ſpoke of reſignation to the will of GOD with a voice ſo *melodious*, that I ſeem *yet to hear it.* She alſo repeated the following lines from *Young's Reſignation;*

For man to murmur and repine
At what by thee is done,
No leſs abſurd than to complain
Of darkneſs in the Sun.

What!

What! tho' I'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe
I'm landed, and adore.
An hour ſhall come:—(You queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

Repeating a few lines more of the ſame import, ſhe then fell into a ſleepineſs, but not ſtupor; for when ſhe awoke, ſhe was perfectly recollected: And upon being aſked, if the ſleep had refreſhed? She replied, it was not ſleep, but that her mind was in *a moſt comfortable ſtate.*—At tea time ſhe further revived, talking with us almoſt an hour, cheerful and pleaſant, but her breath now began to be affected, and her voice to fail.—In the morning of this day a hearſe and mourning coach paſs'd by the window, which ſhe obſerving, ſaid, Ah! I hope you will ſoon have occaſion to come here; and then added, *Bleſſed are the dead that die in the* LORD.—The ſame morning ſhe likewiſe ſaid, *I have been thinking of what* ANNA BULLEN *ſaid, when King* HENRY *ordered her to be beheaded,—that he had given her a lift to Heaven; ſo,* ſaid ſhe, *I have no reaſon to complain of my Huſband; he has only given me a lift to Heaven.*

The 28th, her pain became very violent in her cheſt. She compared it to a burning cauſtic. She could not ſo much as taſte a tea-

ſpoonful

ſpoonful of wine, or the ſame quantity of rum in water, it only encreaſing the pain: So that 'twas manifeſt her ſpirits were not ſupported by any *artificial* cordial, though her ſpirits had never failed throughout this laſt painful illneſs. Her ſupport was *divine* and *ſupernatural*.—She now repeated the following text with remarkable energy,—*For we know that if our earthly houſe of this Tabernacle be diſſolved, we have a building of* GOD; *an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens*; and then ſaid, *pleaſe to read the chapter*;—this being done, ſhe ſaid, *That is enough.* Her mind was deeply centered in prayer, and an awful ſolemnity covered thoſe around her. She often repeating this paſſage,—*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*—At twelve o'clock this night, her breath became much obſtructed, and to appearance ſhe was near diſſolution; but revived again, and ſpoke to us; preſently ſaying, *deareſt Lord, when ſhall I come?* I ſaid, my dear Friend, I thought juſt now, thou was going. She replied, *I had indeed a ſweet ſight, and thought myſelf I was juſt gone*; or to that effect. Adding, *but I don't repine. His will be done. It is all heavenly goodneſs.* She would often liſt up her eyes and ſay, JESUS CHRIST! as if ſhe *really ſaw him, and Heaven opened*, like the Diſciple of old; as *I believe ſhe did.*

The 29th, in the morning, I obſerv'd my dear Friend's countenance remarkably alter'd.—Before this time, it had the appearance of heavenly ſweetneſs and ſoftneſs, but now of

anguiſh,

anguiſh, which occaſioned unutterable pain in my own mind, ſuch as I had not felt before, no not even a moment; it having been hitherto one continued ſcene of heavenly peace and tranquility.—In the afternoon I withdrew from the room, calling out *Nancy*, and enquir'd what ſhe conceived to be the cauſe of ſuch an alteration? She anſwer'd in a flood of tears—It is for her Huſband; for ſhe hath often declared, that if a thought of his not being happy hereafter, ſhould ariſe, it would diſturb her dying moments; and, ſaid *Nancy*, I heard her in the night earneſtly praying for him.—My mind now being ſatisfied as to the cauſe, I return'd, and ſat a ſhort ſpace ſilent, when I ſeem'd compelled to ſay, my dear Friend, ſomething is the matter. Is there any thing we can do? *There is ſomething*, ſhe replied, *but I have not freedom to tell you now; I will tell you one of theſe days.* This rais'd a reflection in my breaſt—that if I am not told now, it will be never; though I did not mention it. She ſhut her eyes and appeared in earneſt ſupplication; then looking round on us, then at the watch, enquired, *What it was o'clock?* She was anſwered, *Four*; whereupon ſhe ſaid, *It is my huſband; my dear Mr. Scudamore!*—I then aſked whether ſhe wiſhed to ſee him? She lift up her hands and ſaid, *O! no.*—I ſaid, Is there any thing thou wiſheth to have ſaid to him; ſhall I go to him? *O! no.* Then I obſerv'd to her, thou wanteſt an internal evidence of his future happineſs;—*That's the matter*, ſaid ſhe.—I then acquainted her, a

Friend had informed me, the Counſellor was yeſterday evening in a very ſuffering ſituation, ſo that ſhe might have hope. She then ſaid, *Now I think I ſhall ſoon ſink.*—Diſſolution rapidly approaching, her breath during this laſt hour became extremely laborious. She ſpake once to her dear *Nancy*, and many times look'd round upon us all, with *looks of* LOVE, then at the watch, and at *Sukey Edkins*, who was holding one of her hands; and *Sukey* ſaid, it wants ten minutes of five.—As ſoon as one of the town clocks was heard to ſtrike five, *Nancy* ſaid, my dear Friend, it is five o'clock, and before the laſt clock had done ſtriking, at *the very inſtant* uttering the words *deareſt Lord*, ſhe expired.—Thus ended the mortal life of my *valuable very dear Friend*, REBECCA SCUDAMORE, with whom I had been acquainted upwards of thirty years. She firſt introduced me into the faſhionable world;—*Vanity* and *Folly!*—and through Mercy, ſhe was afterwards the happy inſtrument of bringing me to the precious knowledge of JESUS CHRIST; her tender watchful care and concern over and for me, cannot be deſcribed; and by her ſilent ſuffering example, I have often experienced great conſolation; humbly hoping, through divine help, I ſhall be enabled to follow her as ſhe hath follow'd CHRIST; and oh! that my latter end may alſo be like hers!

16 MAG

S. YOUNG.

BRISTOL, 1790.

P. S. During

P. S. During the laſt eight days ſhe could lay down only one hour the whole time, (being obliged to ſit erect in the chair where ſhe expired) ſlept very little, and took very little nouriſhment.—We often expreſs'd ſurpriſe that her head had been kept ſo perfectly clear—ſhe herſelf expreſs'd great thankfulneſs for it, ſaying, it was what ſhe had always aſked; and indeed her petition was fully granted, much to the comfort of thoſe about her.

N. B. It is to be remarked, that immediately after uttering—*Now I think I ſhall ſoon ſink*, the trial ended—the eyes of the dying Saint were obſerved to *ſparkle*, and her countenance to indicate *peace* and *joy*, and *a divine flame of light and love were rekindled.*

F I N I S.

16 MAR